

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,337, Vol. 51.

June 11, 1881.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE LAND BILL.

THE prospects of the Land Bill—or, rather, the prospects of any satisfactory result of that Bill—cannot be said to have been increased by the events of the recess and of its eve. The last meeting of Parliament before Whitsuntide was marked by almost all the possible symptoms of that condition into which the House of Commons sometimes gets when the majority are not wholly satisfied with their leaders and the minority are bitterly dissatisfied with their opponents. Acrimonious wrangling on trifles and a decided preference of such wrangling to serious business is perhaps the chief characteristic of this state. Nor can it be said that the attitude which the Government had assumed in the latest debates on the measure was calculated either to inspire friends or to disarm foes. Unwillingness to explain the definition of tenant-right has at last taken the form of a distinct refusal to attempt the explanation. When this refusal is coupled with an equally strenuous refusal to admit the claim of the landlords for compensation, it is impossible for the duller opponent, and hardly possible for the most ardent friend, not to put two and two together. The refusal of a definition of tenant-right can only mean the tacit acknowledgment of its identity with its epigrammatic equivalent. Definition would bring out the Land Bill wrong, and it is therefore withheld. If it be said that this is unfair, and that definition would have no such effect, the refusal of it becomes simply inexplicable. A word would free the Government from all trouble about compensation, and that word they refuse to speak. They can, therefore, without an exceedingly bad compliment to their discretion, be credited only with having something important to conceal. This is not a pleasant state of things for their supporters, at least for such of them as have not the guileless and childlike confidence of Mr. LEAKE. That a Government headed by Mr. GLADSTONE can do no wrong is a principle of political conduct which has the advantages of simplicity, but the disadvantages arising from a corresponding want of variety, breadth, and interest. There are, perhaps, some signs that the "simple and pathetic" attitude—to borrow the adjectives from the definition of the Iliad—common at the general election is giving way to one which, with a slight alteration from the companion definition of the Odyssey, supporters of the Government may call "complicated and immoral," but which may perhaps be more fairly characterized as one of critical common-sense.

The tone of the various recess addresses is tolerably conclusive evidence of this. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at Birmingham with a great deal of courage, especially in reference to the Transvaal. But when he came to Ireland his courage was displayed not in defending the Land Bill, not in explaining its disputed or incriminated provisions, but in justifying himself for being a member of a Government which was using force in Ireland. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has discovered that, though force may be no remedy, it is occasionally an indispensable agent in treating certain kinds of patients. Furthermore, in an argument excellent in itself but singularly awkward and dangerous in the mouth of the speaker, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN testified that even landlords may have rights of property. There is no necessity to dispute a proposition so excellent and so truly conservative. But, as the Government have hitherto, in the opinion of all but their extreme partisans,

failed signally to assure to this description of property the same rights which they assure to those kinds to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN compared it, and as they are urging on a measure which, in the opinion of at least a considerable body of Englishmen, curtails those rights still further, the time and circumstances of the speech cannot be said to be happy. It would almost be wiser, and would certainly be simpler, to adopt Mr. LEAKE's attitude, and to say that it is all the fault of the Irish landlords for wanting to have their property protected, and not of the Irish Executive, as distinguished from the Government, for not protecting it. On the other hand, the various Opposition speeches, from that of Lord CARNARVON to that of Mr. STANHOPE, exhibited a degree of confidence and a forwardness of attack which have not been common since the general election. Lord CARNARVON and Sir R. CROSS in particular followed Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE with sounds which, whatever else may be said of them, were neither uncertain nor pacific. The aggressive tone of their speeches may grieve those excellent, but somewhat unpractical, persons who are constantly adjuring politicians of all parties to let bygones be bygones, and work together for the good of the country. But for all that their words will carry weight. There is hardly a statesman in England who unites the general respect for moral and intellectual qualities combined in a greater degree than Lord CARNARVON; a certain irresolution and a proneness to look at all sides of the question being almost the only faults found, or to be found, with him. Neither irresolution nor want of decided expression characterized the speech at Burton-on-Trent. On the other hand, if Sir R. CROSS's political opponents, and some of his political friends, do not see in him a great orator or a great statesman, they allow him a somewhat unusual command of administrative, and especially (if the word may be used) of legal-practical, detail. The supporters of a measure of which Lord CARNARVON condemns the principle, and of which Sir R. CROSS condemns the detail, at least cannot cavil at the competency of their critics.

It is not unworthy of notice that in some quarters the sense of danger to the Government if this Irish matter is not somehow or other hurried through appears to have prompted a decided advance in the tone taken about Irish claims. Landlords generally are spoken of offhand as "lessors," not owners, and the operations of the Property Defence Committee are put on the same footing as those of the Land League. If this latter proceeding be any more than an excursion of indiscreet partisanship, it deserves a little attention. What Mr. GODDARD and his resolute associates have been doing is, let it be remembered, not merely an act of ordinary commercial business, but one which will continue to be legal and necessary when the Land Bill becomes law. They have bought up in the open market and at the open market price the right of defaulting tenants in their holdings. In doing this they have been protected no doubt by police and by soldiers from the violence of the Land Leaguers. This is sufficient in the eyes of some controversialists to put the Land League and the Defence Committee on the same footing. So preposterous a misrepresentation is suitable enough in the mouths of those who in the teeth of history and of the utterances of their own leaders ten years ago, declare that the Irish occupier is part owner of the soil, but it is not likely to conciliate English opponents of the Bill. The agitation which Archbishop CROKE is heading, and the ferocious violence now

being displayed at Skibbereen and elsewhere, have added a still more interesting proposition to the curious list of new dogmas which this agitation has produced. It is said, or all but said, that priests are not to be arrested in Ireland. An English clergyman may go to gaol and welcome if he breaks the law for conscience sake; an Irish priest, if he encourages an illegal and criminal agitation in the face of the principles of religion, the doctrines of the Church and the wishes of the POPE, is to be dealt with very tenderly. This last deference to Irish ideas is perhaps the most instructive of all, though it cannot be said to be either illogical or surprising. If what is right in England is wrong in Ireland, it probably follows that what is wrong in England is right in Ireland. Yet the attitude of the Irish is an awkward comment on the speech of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The plan, the person, the circumstances, make it almost impossible to suppose that the Government intends to recede from at least so much maintenance of the supremacy of the law as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN advocated. Yet the non-official Radicals grumble at this maintenance, and the Land League regards it with the bitterest hostility. Under these circumstances the task of carrying through a Bill of immense length and complexity must be a very difficult one, and, with anything like factious opposition, would be impossible. Against such opposition the Government are assured, except as concerns the Parnellites and perhaps a few nondescript Conservatives. But, if they are enabled to maintain their present "know-nothing" attitude to avoid remedying some of the grosser and more serious injustices of the Bill, and to persist in refusing compensation even in cases of proved confiscation, their majority will deserve that highest crown which, according to some theologians, awaits, not merely unreasoning faith and obedience, but obedience and faith in the teeth of reason and demonstration.

THE TRANSVAAL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* who is now visiting South Africa for the first time writes letters which are not perhaps less instructive because they contain the results of recent and unprejudiced inquiry. A resident in any of the South African provinces, though he knows much which a stranger has to learn, can scarcely fail to hold strong opinions or prejudices on all disputed points. The newcomer has the advantage of hearing all sides of the question, while he seeks information both from Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE and from a Natal colonist who warmly admires Mr. GLADSTONE's policy. It is natural that the eminent public servant who was the principal agent in the annexation of the Transvaal should continue, notwithstanding the disastrous result, to justify his policy. There is no doubt that he acted in good faith on plausible grounds, inasmuch as the President of the Republic and the great body of the community acquiesced at the moment in a transfer of sovereignty which was not supported by any material force. The subsequent ratification of his policy by the Imperial Government relieved Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE from technical responsibility. The doubts which Lord CAERNARVON faintly expressed were cancelled by his formal approval. Nevertheless, it is certain that the decision really rested with the Commissioner on the spot. No servant of the Government had greater experience of South African politics, especially in relation to the natives, of whom he was the official protector; and, in the course of his long and active career, Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE must on many occasions have had dealings with the Boers in the Transvaal and in the Colonies. One of his motives for annexing the province was probably a desire to put an end to the chronic or frequent wars between the Dutch settlers and the neighbouring tribes. Peace was, in fact, immediately re-established and permanently maintained during the continuance of English rule. No attempt was made by the provincial Government, which represented the Crown, to interfere with the domestic institutions which are not always distinguishable from slavery; but it soon became known to the coloured apprentices that compulsory servitude was not recognized by English law; and probably some of them displayed tendencies to insubordination, while others may have deserted their masters. It is not improbable that the uncertainty which consequently prevailed may have been one of the causes of

the revolt which was so easily successful. A negative reason was the destruction of the Zulu power by English arms, and the subsequent defeat of other native chiefs. All these contingencies ought to have been foreseen, nor is it possible to explain the blindness of an experienced administrator. It is probable that Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE himself, while he makes the best apologies for his conduct of which circumstances admit, may be conscious that he nevertheless committed a mistake.

There has been no proof that the annexation was in any way produced by the influence of interested persons who knew that the establishment of English dominion would increase the value of their investments; but if the Commissioner had listened to their representations, he might not unreasonably have considered that their arguments were entitled to a certain amount of weight. There is a strong presumption in favour of any administrative system which renders property more valuable. If by some miracle Irish estates became saleable, and even commanded an advanced price, it would be inferred that some beneficial mode of legislation had at last been devised. The denunciations which are now applied to speculative settlers in the Transvaal require to be vigilantly checked. It seems that the Republican Government, among other financial expedients, hit on the plan of issuing *assignats*, or land scrip, purporting to constitute titles to certain lands. They had also a paper currency, which had sunk to the price of two or three shillings in the pound, and both classes of securities were bought by enterprising capitalists, who took the chance of the substitution of a more solvent Government for the President and the Volksraad. It seems to have been agreed on all hands that any change would be for the better, and assuredly the Republican Government, notwithstanding the energy and ability of Mr. BURGERS, afforded small hope of duration. The dominant class of the community carried to excess the wholesome instinct of disliking official interference with their affairs. They were unwilling to pay taxes, and in many instances they avoided service in the Volksraad, with the result of making room for adventurers of doubtful character. There is no doubt that one of the most unpopular results of the annexation was the establishment of a comparatively efficient system of administration. If purchasers of land scrip took advantage of the existence of a regular Government to enforce the rights which they had acquired by purchase, it is difficult to dispute the justice of their pretensions; but the Commission may probably be justified in scrutinizing with jealous attention the amount of the claims to compensation which they will now prefer. If it is true that one applicant asks for 65,000*l.*, the Commissioners may well despair of satisfying the body of claimants. If the incoming Government can be trusted to respect the rights of English subjects, it would be much more desirable to secure the traders and farmers in the enjoyment of their property than to buy them off on the assumption that they will be forcibly dispossessed. Five-and-twenty years ago the English Government, on the abandonment of a protectorate of the Mosquito Coast, compensated adventurers who preferred claims to grants of land by a recognition, but not a guarantee, of their titles. The estates of which President BURGERS and his predecessors may have disposed in the form of scrip are probably not included in the vast private estates which are occupied by the Boers. If the holders of land securities are left to take possession of their properties, they will probably in many cases practically relinquish their claims.

The question which seems to form the most difficult part of the task of the Commission relates to the detachment from the Transvaal of a portion of its eastern territory. The object is to exclude a large native population from the unwelcome dominion of the Boers. It is also thought desirable to interpose a barrier between Zululand and the Transvaal. It is supposed that JOHN DUNN expresses the apprehensions of the other Zulu chiefs when he insists that either their country shall be separated from the Transvaal or the arms of which they were some time since deprived shall be restored. The English Commissioners and the Government will not fail to observe that they are asked for the benefit of the natives to incur a serious responsibility, even if the Boers consent to the division of territory. The Crown, retaining the sovereignty of the native territory bordering the Transvaal on the east, will be held responsible for any hostile move-

ments on the part of the tribes. In some not unlikely events, the local authorities will have to choose between war with the Swazies and war with the Boers, although no English interest might be involved. Before the annexation and the Zulu war the Colonial Governments occupied a safer and more convenient position. They were on friendly terms with the Zulu KING, whom they restrained by their counsels from the attack which he habitually meditated on the Transvaal. If their influence had proved insufficient for the maintenance of peace, they had the option of neutrality or of dictating the terms on which they might have accorded protection to the Boers. It has often been explained that the Zulu war would never have occurred but for the annexation of the Transvaal. The question is now complicated by the responsibility which may have been incurred in consequence of the disintegration of the Zulu kingdom and of the disarmament of the soldiery; but it will be expedient to limit as narrowly as possible any fresh obligations which may be assumed. The protection of the natives within the limits of the restored Republic will be still more embarrassing or impracticable. A Resident who would have no military force at his disposal might remonstrate in vain against the breach of undertakings which might have been given for the security of the natives against oppression. There is little use in any attempt to disguise a surrender of which the circumstances and motives are thoroughly understood in all parts of South Africa. The thin fiction of suzerainty is scarcely worth preserving when it imposes duties which there may perhaps be no means of discharging, while it confers no corresponding rights. If it is true that the negotiators on behalf of the Boers now display moderation and good will, their less pugnacious attitude may probably be explained by their knowledge that they have obtained in substance all the concessions which they require.

KINGS AND PRINCES OF THE DANUBE.

THE establishment of the Kingdom of Roumania has received, as the Roumanians say with legitimate pride, the sympathizing welcome of all Europe. The KING has made himself agreeable to his powerful neighbours, and popular with his admiring subjects. A new Ministry has come in with the new reign, and has solemnly laid its programme before the Chamber. M. DEMETRIUS BRATIANO is the Prime Minister, and his Ministerial statement, unlike most Ministerial statements, had much in it that was new and striking. He drew a picture of the Roumanians for their own benefit and study. He showed them what they were and what they might be, and, while he owned that there were some dark spots on his canvas which he was too honest to obliterate, he had the merit of not despairing of his country. He had thought of something quite original, which he commended to their notice, and, although he anticipated an outburst of incredulity, he thought that he could show them that he was right. The novelty which he had happily struck out was the notion of being honest. He announced that he was going to be honest, that he was going to work with honest men, and that his Parliamentary course would be always straightforward. He had been told, he said, that this would never do. Such things were not suited to Roumania, and were in the Roumanian nature of things impossible. But he was not to be discouraged. He personally could not carry his scepticism so far as to believe that there were no honest men in Roumania, but he was ready to look the worst in the face. "Let us suppose," he said, "that there are no 'honest men in Roumania. Well, if that is so, we will 'make them.' The PRIME MINISTER contemplated with calmness the possibility that he was living in a country and addressing a Chamber in which every man was a rogue, and he thought that if he did but sow a few honest men they would come up like cabbages. The same dismal people who had warned him that there were no honest men in Roumania had also warned him that he must turn and twist in his management of Parliament. It was of the essence of Parliamentary institutions, they insisted, that Ministers should always go zigzag, and the notion of a Minister walking straight was contrary to the most elementary rules of the game. He, however, was going to make the bold attempt to avoid all tortuous courses, and he was sure that in the long run he would

have the approbation of the country. At any rate, he would have the approbation of his honest men when they had come up. On other points he was vague, merely saying that, if any one touched his dear Roumania, he would defend it with the fury of a tigress defending her cubs. To such sentiments the Roumanians are well accustomed. Every Minister in turn offers himself as a possible tigress if Roumania is attacked. But a Prime Minister offering to invent honesty in his country, if it did not exist, is new, not only to Roumania, but to the world. If it showed what Roumania is really like, it also showed that, with the faults of political childishness, Roumanians have that childish simplicity which resents nothing and pretends to nothing. They are, at least, free from political hypocrisy. The youngest of constitutional kingdoms starts, and consciously starts, at the very lowest stage of political virtue. As it can scarcely go down, it may be right in thinking that it must go up. Nothing is so puzzling as to know when nations are fit for constitutional government. Possibly Roumania may prove that fitness begins when the nation has pondered over its own qualities and has recognized that, so far as honesty goes, it is totally unfit.

The Prince of BULGARIA has had practically to think over the puzzle of fitness for free government, and has come to the conclusion that the two millions of poor ignorant sordid peasants who were handed over to his care by the Great Powers are totally unfit. If he is to be allowed to govern in his own way, then he will stay in Bulgaria, and this people shall have all the advantages that may accrue from a Hessian prince keeping a little court at Sofia. If the Bulgarians prefer their Constitution to their Prince, he will go away, and will not think the day an unlucky one when he wipes the dust of Bulgaria off his feet. It can scarcely be said that the mere placing of this alternative before the Bulgarians is dishonest. He swore to the Constitution as it stands, but to abdicate would not be to break his oath; and if he prefers abdication to governing with a Constitution which he declares will not work, he may not improperly ask whether the nation would prefer to see him abdicate or to change the Constitution. Practically, however, it is almost impossible that a prince should leave such a question to the free choice of the people. Prince ALEXANDER has already solved the question temporarily, if not definitely, his own way. He has suspended the Constitution while the Bulgarians are being asked whether it shall exist. He has put himself in the hands of a Russian General who manages everything as a Russian and a General likes to manage them. A Convention is to be called together to declare the mind of the nation, but the PRINCE and his friends make no secret of the very great pains they are taking to influence the elections by which the members of the Convention are to be appointed. The proceedings of the PRINCE are in the nature of a *coup d'état*, although not of a *coup d'état* of the worst kind. He has so far improved on former precedents that he has not begun with the traditional whiff of grapeshot. But not the less he only pretends to ask a fair question, for he is doing all he can to ensure that the answer shall be what he wishes it to be. What has really happened in Bulgaria since the PRINCE arrived there is altogether obscure. But it may be safely said that nothing has happened which could not have been foreseen. There has not been the faintest approach to revolution or armed resistance. Every Bulgarian has been happier than any Irishman is now. Members of political parties have been stupid and unpractical, but no one in his senses could have expected that members of Bulgarian parties would be anything else. The Bulgarian peasants have no doubt some virtues, for without some virtues no people could exist; but their general character was amply illustrated during the war by their behaviour, not only to their Turkish enemies, but to their Russian friends. The probability is that they are not fit for the Constitution that was given them, but of all men in the world Prince ALEXANDER was the most bound to weigh this probability well before he went among them as the head of a free people.

Prince MILAN of Serbia has been making one of those tours to great Courts which princes of his class have lately got into the habit of making. He has been to Vienna; he is at Berlin; he is going to St. Petersburg. It is understood that his object in these solemn calls on his superiors is to turn himself from a prince into a king. He had perhaps better go to Paris under pretence

of buying a snuff-box, for this might conciliate M. St.-HILAIRE, imitation being the most adroit kind of flattery. His plea is that he now rules over an independent State, and that Serbia is as much entitled to have a king as Roumania or Greece. He has 1,800,000 subjects, mostly pig-drivers, and although this does not sound very grand, he may justly say that he has as many subjects as the King of GREECE has, and that if the Greeks got ready for fighting, his people actually fought. He has, too, the special merit of not being a foreigner in his own country, and the Servians may justly plume themselves on having produced a king who is a Servian. So far as any political importance can be attached to the erection of Serbia into a kingdom, it may be said to be a slight gain, and no loss, to Europe that Prince MILAN should be a king. That no difficulty should have been made at Vienna to the creation of a Servian kingdom is quite in keeping with the recent policy of Austria, but quite out of keeping with the supposition that Austria wants to swallow up one portion after another of the Balkan peninsula. That this supposition is totally erroneous must be evident to any one who is acquainted with the relations of Austria and Hungary. The Hungarians are extremely averse to the incorporation of more Slavs in the Austrian Empire; but they have a jealous dread of Russian influence among the Eastern Slavs, and they are perfectly alive to the material advantages which they themselves would derive from the development of commercial intercourse with the nationalities south of the Danube. Roumania, Bulgaria, and Serbia cannot stand alone. At the best they can only play off one Great Power against another; and, although they may not become Austrian, they may very probably become as much Austrian as Russian, and that they should become so is, at least for the present, the best guarantee of their independence.

THE INDEMNITY TO AMERICAN FISHERMEN.

THE American Secretary of State, Mr. BLAINE, enjoys good fortune both at home and abroad. He has provoked his rival, Mr. CONKLING, to commit a kind of political suicide, and he has recovered a pecuniary penalty from the English Government. The payment of 15,000*l.* will not be ruinous, and it may possibly be just; but it is a strange circumstance that the present Ministry should end all disputes with foreign countries by acknowledging itself to be in the wrong. In the present instance Mr. GLADSTONE's former Administration is exclusively responsible for the petty humiliation which has been incurred. The so-called Plenipotentiaries at Washington are believed to have acted under stringent and repeated orders in their profuse and hasty concessions. Probably, if they had been allowed a discretion, Lord RIFON and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE might have successfully insisted on framing the treaty so as to render impossible the profligate demand which was afterwards known as the indirect claims. The American negotiators might also have been persuaded or shamed into an agreement that the damages to be received by their Government on behalf of private claimants should not exceed the amount which they might themselves afterwards award. The Americans were more anxious for a diplomatic triumph than for profit; and Mr. GLADSTONE and his Cabinet thought, as in a more recent case, that the adversary whom they feared would be most effectually conciliated by unqualified surrender. The iniquitous judgment of the Geneva arbitrators was, perhaps, welcomed as an unexpected confirmation of the American victory. The spirit in which the English concessions were received was illustrated by the subsequent hesitation of the American Government in paying the comparatively small amount which under the treaty was awarded as compensation to the Dominion of Canada. It must be confessed that after the two arbitrations the English Government displayed more dignity and self-respect than the rapacious litigants who protested against the decision of a tribunal appointed by themselves.

The petty fine of 15,000*l.* is another result of the timid precipitation with which the Treaty of Washington was concluded. The admission of American citizens to fish in colonial waters may, perhaps, have been expedient and reasonable; but no class of the community is more jealous of its own rights, or more habitually inclined to encroach on the property of its neighbours, than the hardy seamen who are engaged in the fishing trade. At the present

moment the English Government is called upon to protect the North Sea fishermen from the violence of French, Dutch, and Belgian rivals. It was certain that the people of Newfoundland would regard foreign competitors with jealousy, and that American fishermen would not be inclined to assert their newly-established claims with considerate moderation. The conditions and regulations under which the colonial fisheries were to be opened ought to have been carefully examined and plainly defined; and the most obvious stipulation of the treaty ought to have been that aliens should not be allowed any advantage over the natives with whom they were to compete. As in other parts of the negotiation, it was the interest of the American Plenipotentiaries to use vague and elastic phrases; and their English colleagues were on all occasions complaisant enough to play into their hands. Both parties ought to have been aware, and one of them probably remembered, that, when the treaty came to be interpreted, the more obstinate and more litigious disputant would be likely to succeed. Accordingly American fishermen obtained in general terms the right to fish on the coasts of Canada and of Newfoundland, and also to use the shores for certain specified purposes. Some time afterwards a fleet of American fishing-boats appeared at Fortune Bay in Newfoundland, and proceeded unconsciously to illustrate the culpable negligence of the English framers of the Washington Treaty.

The law of Newfoundland, by which the colonial fishermen were bound, prohibited the use of seines in certain circumstances, established a close time, and made it unlawful to fish on Sundays. The newcomers unhesitatingly disregarded all the restrictions, and prosecuted their calling in such a manner as to threaten ruin to native enterprise. They put out seines, they fished on Sundays, and it is asserted that they would, in default of interference, have destroyed the fishery. It is more certain that they claimed or exercised an advantage which must have been absolutely intolerable to the people of Newfoundland. Accordingly the local fishermen took the law, as might have been expected, into their own hands by removing or injuring the nets, and possibly in some instances by assaulting the unwelcome intruders. Compelled to yield to superior force, the Americans naturally appealed to their own Government, which is always glad of a ground of complaint against England. There is happily at present no risk of war or of serious embarrassment; but American Presidents and Secretaries of State know that their popularity is always increased by unhesitating adoption of the claims of American citizens, and by vigorous despatches written with a view to domestic circulation. Mr. EVARTS may perhaps have been justified in his demand for pecuniary compensation to the fishermen who had been driven from Fortune Bay. In Newfoundland, as elsewhere, private persons who are injured ought to seek legal redress, and not to assert their rights by force. If the officers of the colonial Government had prevented the American fishermen from continuing their questionable practices, the issue of international law would have been raised in a more convenient form. Wrongdoers, indeed, may be forcibly prevented from persevering in a trespass; but, according to the legal phrase, the injured person must lay hands gently on the trespasser; and it is highly probable that a body of indignant fishermen may have used more than the necessary force. Lord SALISBURY in the early part of the correspondence contended that, as in his judgment the American fishermen were trespassers, they were not entitled to compensation. Lord GRANVILLE afterwards agreed to pay compensation for the excess of force, which the Newfoundland fishermen may probably have employed. He has the qualified satisfaction of having reduced by one-fourth a demand for 20,000*l.*; and Mr. BLAINE agreed to give a receipt in full for certain petty demands which had been accumulating in the Secretary of State's office. The main controversy is nevertheless still unsettled.

Mr. EVARTS, with much force of language, and with a certain amount of plausibility, argued that an international engagement could not be overridden by municipal legislation. The American fishermen were by the treaty admitted absolutely to the right of fishing in Fortune Bay and other parts of the colonies; and, therefore, they might pursue their industry by all conceivable methods and at all times and seasons, even if their conduct tended to destroy the fishery or gave them an invidious preference to the natives whom they superseded. The only remedy

for the injured party was diplomatic remonstrance, which, as Mr. EVARTS well knew, would have been unavailing, unless the English Government were prepared to pay an additional fine for a new concession. If Mr. EVARTS was in the right, it would be impossible to produce a stronger illustration of the scandalous neglect of those who are responsible for the Washington Treaty. It was assuredly not the avowed intention of either party that the Americans should obtain, not an equal enjoyment, but a monopoly of colonial fisheries. Lord SALISBURY maintained that the document must receive an interpretation not wholly repugnant to common sense. He had no occasion to dispute the proposition that treaties could not be restricted by subsequent municipal enactments; but it is obvious that freedom of trade accorded to a foreigner means the freedom already possessed by native subjects or citizens. It is not the custom of American Governments to withdraw even the most extravagant pretensions; and Mr. BLAINE adheres to the doctrine of his predecessor. Lord GRANVILLE, with better reason, repeats the arguments of Lord SALISBURY; and neither party is likely to give way. Probably the dispute will sooner or later be settled by an admission of the English claim made in return for a concession in some other matters. It is difficult to regard with perfect calm the injustice of the American pretension. If foreigners, having previously been excluded from the right of keeping public-houses in England, were by treaty admitted to the privilege, they might, according to Mr. EVARTS and Mr. BLAINE, supply drink to customers till three or four in the morning. If they were similarly allowed for the first time to shoot game, they would be entitled to kill grouse in July, partridges in August, and pheasants in September. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the monstrous perversity of the American contention. The English Plenipotentiaries at Washington or their Government ought to have appreciated the audacity of the diplomatists with whom they had to deal.

LORD DERBY ON CO-OPERATION.

LORD DERBY spent his Whit Monday in a highly characteristic fashion. He is probably very much of Sir GEORGE LEWIS's opinion about the relation of amusements to life, and regards a holiday passed in a Co-operative Congress as a holiday snatched from the burning. The address he delivered to the delegates was full of sound sense and useful suggestions. It is allowable on occasions of this kind to take an optimist view of the prospects of co-operation, and no one knows better than Lord DERBY that, though he told the Congress nothing but the truth, it was not quite the whole truth. It is far from certain, however, that any good purpose would have been served by more complete frankness. When it is very desirable that certain undertakings should be set on foot, those who make the attempt may sometimes be left to find out for themselves that they can only hope for partial success. That is the best that can ever be hoped for in any human undertaking; but if this were clearly realized beforehand, it might end in many cases in the attempt never being made.

It is some comfort to hear from Lord DERBY, who is a very shrewd observer of social currents, that we are more and more adopting the doctrine that "many matters which of old it was thought essential that the governing power should regulate, may with safety and advantage be left to the community." As he admits that there are superficial appearances to the contrary, it is plain that he has formed his opinion after a fair study of the evidence which facts afford, and we are glad to have such competent testimony to a conclusion which we ourselves should have thought doubtful. There can be no question, however, of its truth as applied to the Co-operative movement. That, at all events, "does not clamour for public money; does not ask that its opponents should be put down by law; does not override free contract or meddle with individual liberties. The only appeal either to the Legislature or the Executive which has been evoked during its progress is the demand of certain tradesmen that Civil servants shall be excluded from its benefits. Lord DERBY was careful to show that the success of the Co-operative movement owes as little to morality as it does to law. He does not claim for co-operators that they are unselfish; the great merit of the movement is that it

makes selfishness amiable. Interest and duty are on the same side; the more you consult the one the better you do the other. If Lord DERBY had been speaking to a London meeting this statement would have stood in need of qualification. The Co-operative Societies with which Londoners are most familiar are not exclusively, probably not principally, Co-operative Societies in the true sense. Lord DERBY recognizes the distinction, but he does not point out how incompletely the objects aimed at by Co-operation are attained by these imitators. The first point of the Co-operative charter, he says, is "No adulteration," the second, "No running into debt." When a joint-stock Company is started for the purpose of supplying subscribers as well as shareholders with goods, there is a perfect security against debt, but there is not a perfect security against the supply of adulterated or inferior goods. So long as shareholders alone are allowed to deal at the Store, the seller and the buyer are one and the same person. But as soon as subscribers who do not share in the profits are allowed to come in as buyers, the seller and the buyer become different persons and have different interests. The seller is now anxious to make as much as he can out of the buyer, because the more he is able to make in this way the larger will be the profit on his capital. He cannot make much by raising prices, because, if these are not conspicuously lower than those of other dealers, there will be no inducement to buy at the Store rather than elsewhere. Consequently, the only way in which the profits can be increased is by lowering the quality of the goods. We do not mean, of course, that this is done by any of the respectable Co-operative Societies in London, any more than it is done by any really respectable shopkeeper. All we wish to point out is that a Co-operative Store in which the buyers have no share in the profits provides no security against adulteration different in kind from those provided by private dealers. Such a Store is simply a joint-stock general shop, and its reputation for fair dealing will in the long run depend, just as in the case of a private general shop, upon the characters of those engaged in carrying it on. Where the profits, after the payment of interest on capital advanced, are divided among the buyers in proportion to their purchases, there is an absolute protection against adulteration. The buyers of the goods take the profits derived from the sale of them, and consequently they are sellers as well as buyers.

In dealing with productive Co-operation Lord DERBY made the mistake of underrating, or rather ignoring, the pleasure which a good workman takes in his work. No doubt excessive subdivision of labour and trade-unions have done their utmost to destroy this pleasure; but in really good workmen it is, we suspect, indestructible. It is not, and is not likely to become, universally true that the man employed by the hour cares to do more than is required to secure himself from dismissal. But, though Lord DERBY is wrong in assuming that, unless a man is working for himself, his work will in all cases be either slow or scamped, it is quite true that this will be the case with a vast number of workmen, and that the multiplication of securities against this risk is a very great gain to the community. Nor does Lord DERBY see very much force in the argument—so commonly used against productive Co-operation—that the principle of division of profits must break down when there are no profits to be divided. What will then happen is that the Co-operative workman will have to live on his savings until times grow better. But this is exactly what happens to a man who lives by wages. When his master fails, or closes his works, "he loses his employment, and in a dull state of trade he may not possibly find another." Consequently workmen engaged in Co-operative production must keep two cautions steadily in view. They must put by a certain proportion of their profits before division to enable the concern to go on while trade is slack, and they must put by a certain proportion of their profits after division to enable them to live if, after all, the concern should not be able to go on. Every workman, if he is prudent, takes this latter precaution in his character as workman; and if he becomes a capitalist as well as a workman, he must take the former precaution in his character as capitalist. Difficult as it may be to make arrangements of this kind on a sufficiently large scale, Lord DERBY is in the right when he says that no labour is thrown away which brings society any nearer to a settlement of the most inveterate of conflicts. "The industrial difficulty is growing

"into continually larger proportions . . . the difference "between the relative position of employer and employed "tends to widen, not to diminish." Arbitration will not settle matters, because arbitration is only applicable when the parties to the dispute are already half way to an understanding. Trade-Unionism at best helps to equalize the resources of the combatants; but even this function it can never, in Lord DERBY'S opinion, discharge completely. Not only will the employer always be able to hold out longer than the employed, but "the article which the "working-man has to sell is one which, in the very nature "of things, will not keep. . . . If he cannot sell to-day's "labour at the beginning of the day, he cannot sell it "at all. That portion of his stock has perished." So far it might seem that it is only the workman who is concerned in promoting Co-operation, and if the matter were only looked at from the social side, this would be true. If it is the workman who will be beaten if the struggle goes on, it is the workman's interest to bring it to an end. But there is a political side to the question as well as a social one. "Given the condition that nearly "all political power is virtually in one class, as under a "system of household suffrage it is whenever the class "chooses to take it, and nearly all the surplus which men "desire to possess is in the hands of another class, how "long will you be able to avert an explosion?" Co-operation does not supply an answer to this inquiry, but it tends to modify the condition which suggests it by distributing part of the surplus wealth among the class that has the political power, and it is this consideration above all others that leads Lord DERBY to advocate it "as one of "the most hopeful signs of our times."

THE SPOILS OF THE TURKS.

THE States which have been formed out of the decaying Turkish Empire are perhaps gradually settling down into their permanent condition; and it is not surprising that in the meantime they should be subject to various forms of political excitement. Prince MILAN of Serbia is visiting some of the Continental Courts in the hope that he may be recognized as King instead of Prince, after the example of his neighbour of Roumania. His request will probably be granted, though it oddly happens that he has once assumed the royal title, and afterwards tacitly dropped it. He and his countrymen had the questionable merit of beginning, at the instigation of Russia, the unprovoked attack which was the first step to the long meditated dismemberment of Turkey. After some trivial successes Prince MILAN induced his army to salute him as King, but shortly afterwards his State was only rescued from destruction by the peremptory interference of his Imperial abettor and patron. At the end of the Russian war Serbia received a small addition of territory; but the prospect of further aggrandizement was destroyed by the Austrian occupation of Bosnia. The proposed titular change is not absolutely unmeaning. It may perhaps not be agreeable to the Royal families of Europe to admit new claimants to their exclusive rank; but the kingly title is understood to imply complete independence. NAPOLEON created two or three kings within the limits of the old German Empire; and, after his fall, the Elector of Hanover asserted his claim to an equal rank with his neighbour of Saxony and Wurtemberg. Not many years afterwards Belgium was added to the list, and Greece had the good fortune to receive the same dignity. A petty kingdom seems to acquire a kind of claim to the diminution of the contrast between its rank and its material importance. In one remarkable instance, the acquisition of the royal title has contributed to the gradual creation of a great Empire. The Elector of Brandenburg obtained the consent of the Emperor to his assumption of the title of King of Prussia in the first year of the eighteenth century. His contemporaries were amused by his vanity; and even so sagacious a historian as CARLYLE falls into the error of ridiculing the coronation of FREDERICK I.; yet it was to support the kingly dignity that his son, FREDERICK WILLIAM I., organized the formidable army with which FREDERICK created a powerful monarchy, destined under WILLIAM I. and Prince BISMARCK to expand into the German Empire. To compare small things with great, a King of Serbia may possibly find himself stronger through elevation to the higher rank. Prince MILAN may perhaps also think

that as king he will be more secure from the competition of the rival dynasty which descends from KARA GEORGE.

Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria will almost certainly prefer a similar demand if he succeeds in his contest with the champions of the existing Constitution. Few Englishmen are sufficiently familiar with Bulgarian politics to share the confidence with which Mr. GLADSTONE is perhaps entitled to form the judgment on the controversy which is expressed in his letter to Mr. ZANKOFF. According to his opponents, Prince ALEXANDER is a conspirator and a usurper; and it is certainly not an argument in his favour that his present policy is countenanced or suggested by Russia. On the other hand, it is more than probable that an Assembly elected by universal suffrage is utterly incompetent to exercise supreme power in such a country as Bulgaria. When Lord PALMERSTON was, after the overthrow of the French Republic in 1852, accused of disrespect to constitutional liberty, he replied that he fully appreciated historical freedom, but that he cared nothing for the Constitution, which he irreverently designated as "the tomfoolery of MARRAST and TOCQUEVILLE." It is not improbable that the democratic institutions which were two or three years ago conferred on Bulgaria by the most absolute despot in Europe may deserve at least as well the character of tomfoolery. The PRINCE, according to his public professions, offers his subjects the alternative of enlarging his powers or of losing his services. If the General Assembly to which he appeals supports his demands, or if, in the event of failure, he resigns his uncomfortable post, a provisional suspension of some of the provisions of the Constitution will not necessarily deserve to be regarded as a crime. Some of those who know the circumstances of the case believe that Prince ALEXANDER would prefer abdication to continued absence from civilized society. If the Assembly succeeds in maintaining a purely democratic Government, and if the PRINCE consequently resigns, his successor will not be an object of envy. According to some reports, a brother of the King of Greece, of the Princess of WALES, and of the Empress of RUSSIA, will be invited to fill the supposed vacancy. Like Coburg in the last generation, Copenhagen seems likely to become an *officina regum*.

The Greeks, who are the most fortunate of all the sharers of Turkish spoils, are, if those who speak in their name may be trusted, the most profoundly discontented. To the Powers who procured for them the peaceable possession of the rich province of Thessaly they not only refuse any expression of gratitude, but they loudly profess resentment and indignation. It is true that the supposed feeling of disappointment is most loudly proclaimed by the organs of the Opposition, which may, perhaps, succeed to office if its denunciations of a feeble or treacherous Ministry are generally accepted. While the settlement of the dispute was still uncertain Mr. COUMOUNDOPOULOS and his colleagues repeatedly declared that acquiescence in the requirements of the Great Powers would be followed by popular explosions, and even by the overthrow of the dynasty. The army was supposed to be overflowing with military ardour, and the whole community with self-sacrificing patriotism. It was difficult to believe that a shrewd and calculating nation could be so foolish as to prefer a more than doubtful war for two provinces to the acquisition by diplomatic methods of one which is also the more valuable. There was no reason to suppose that the Greek levies would drive the seasoned Turkish troops out of Thessaly; and in Epirus an invader would also have had to count with the warlike inhabitants of the disputed districts. The only title of the Greeks to either Thessaly or Epirus was the unauthorized and imprudent award of the Conference of Berlin in an issue which had never been submitted to its decision. The blunder into which the English and French Governments led the other Powers has since been corrected by a virtual revocation of the decree. If the Turks ought to have been bound by the award of Berlin, it is evident that the more recent decision of the Powers must be still more conclusive. It is highly probable that, in spite of the strong language which is used, the Greek Government and people are well contented with their extraordinary good fortune. They may have been misled for a time by the unstatesmanlike encouragement which they received from their officious partisans in England; and they were justified in attaching importance to the capricious encouragement which they at one time received from the French Government; but no intelligent Greek could con-

temple with equanimity the prospect of an unequal war. The modern doctrine of ethnological affinity is less absurd in its application to Greece than in almost all the other cases in which it serves as a pretext for ambitious claims. It is highly desirable that the Greek population in Thessaly should be emancipated from Turkish rule and annexed to its kindred in Bœotia and Attica; but the sympathies of race and language form at the best but an uncertain foundation for political arrangements. Either spontaneously, or perhaps in consequence of foreign intrigues, the Wallachians who occupy some parts of Thessaly have suddenly discovered that they are wronged by their proposed subjection to the Greek Government. As they must be too insignificant in numbers for independence, and as they could not conveniently be annexed to the distant Roumanian kingdom, it is difficult to understand why they should prefer the Turks to the Greeks. It is not likely that the insurrection which is threatened on their behalf will have any result, except, perhaps, to accelerate the transfer of territory; but the Greek Government may advantageously reflect on the difficulties which it will have escaped through the intervention of the Great Powers. Cavils at the terms of the Convention are imprudent as well as injurious. Perhaps they will cease when the new province is finally occupied.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A GOOD deal of somewhat desultory discussion has lately been going on as to the distinction between reformatory and industrial schools. At present the line of demarcation between them is not very clearly drawn, and, in the opinion of some of those who have taken part in the controversy, it might well be effaced altogether. Upon the intentions or construction of the existing law we do not propose to touch; but something may usefully be said upon the larger question whether there is, in the nature of things, any real difference between the two institutions and between the classes of children for whom they are respectively fitted.

If society were what it ought to be there would be no place for industrial schools. Children not convicted of crime would be under the care and control of their parents until they passed under the care and control of an employer, or became their own masters. The law would in no way concern itself with them. There would be no need to consider how they were to be disposed of until the actual plunge into crime had been taken. Then it would be essential to devise some method of punishment which should be reformatory as well as deterrent. It is well, of course, that both elements should enter into all punishments; but in dealing with children the reformatory element ought to have far greater prominence given to it than in the case of adult offenders. There is far more chance that reformation will be effected; and, with life before them, it is proportionately important that it should be effected. Consequently offences which would be properly punished in an adult by a short term of imprisonment are properly punished in children by a long term of confinement in a reformatory. Indeed, it is of no use to send them there except for long periods. A short imprisonment may be deterrent provided that it is made unpleasant enough; but when a child has to be weaned from evil ways and bad associates, the enforced severance from them must be long as well as complete. Unfortunately, society is not at present, or soon likely to be, in that millennial state in which every man who is not a criminal is able and willing to do his duty by his children. There are parents who are too careless of their children's good to exert any control over them; there are parents who, with the best intentions, seem to find their children hopelessly unruly. When the child ought to be at school or at work, he is wandering in the streets, with an evident desire to have a hand in any mischief that is going on. He is not, as his father occasionally informs a policeman or a school visitor, a bad boy—that is to say, he has done nothing, and very possibly does not wish to do anything, that can properly be called criminal. But it is very clear that he is on the high road to becoming a very bad boy indeed; that a year or two more of neglect at home and evil communications abroad will almost certainly bring him into conflict with the law; and that, once made acquainted with a prison, it is exceedingly likely that he will find his

way thither again. What is to be done in such a case as this? To leave things to take their course is needlessly to increase the amount of crime that there is in the world. To send the boy to a reformatory is to destroy the sense which up to this time he has retained of being superior to such of his companions as have fallen into actual crime. An industrial school exactly meets the need. The boy has as good a chance of turning out well if he is sent to one as he would have had at home under a stricter father, or with a more manageable disposition. He does not go there to be punished, but to be brought under proper training. It will be no disgrace to him in after life that he has been brought up at an industrial school, any more than it is a disgrace to a high-spirited girl that she has been brought up at a boarding-school because she was too much for her governess. The fact only testifies to an amount of daring and independence which, if turned to good account, may be of real service to their possessor. All that is necessary to industrial schools taking this rank in popular estimation is that they shall have no shadow of connexion with reformatory schools. It must be clearly understood that each school has its own specific character and place in the world; that they are meant for different classes of children; and that, though the inmate of an industrial school may by misconduct qualify himself for a reformatory school, the inmate of a reformatory school can never pass into an industrial school. More than this, it must be understood that a conviction for any crime, however small, operates as an absolute barrier against admission into an industrial school, and that no boy who has not been convicted of crime can ever be sent to a reformatory school. The two institutions cannot be made to do one another's work without becoming incapable of doing their own. If a boy who ought to be at a reformatory school is sent to an industrial school, he will almost certainly corrupt the boys he finds there. If a boy who ought to be at an industrial school is sent to a reformatory school, he will almost certainly be corrupted by the boys he finds there.

Of course there is a very real danger in all this. If unruly boys are sent as a matter of course to industrial schools, what is to prevent parents who wish to be relieved of the burden of their children from taking pains to make them unruly? The parent who does not do his duty by his child will be distinctly better off than the parent who does do his duty by him. The one will have his children brought up at the expense of the community, while the other will have to bring them up at his own expense. But real and great as this danger is, it admits of being entirely averted. In the first place it must be remembered that men and women who are very bad parents in a moral sense may be, and often are, very good parents in an emotional sense. They may not be able to control their children, but they are just as fond of them as though they were the best disciplinarians in the world. The last thing that a father or mother of this type will wish for is to be separated from their children for some years. They would rather that they played about in the streets all day, and came home at night when the working hours are over and the parent is able to enjoy his children's company. This is the consideration that makes the plan of day industrial schools so mischievous. A day industrial school takes away the child during the hours when the most affectionate parent is glad to have him away, and returns him for the hours when even an ordinarily affectionate parent is glad to have him at home. Industrial boarding-schools are free from this objection. When a child goes to one he leaves home altogether. In the second place, a parent whose child is placed in an industrial school loses the value of his labour. There are no weekly wages to be brought home. If the child is able to earn any money, it goes to the funds of the school of which he is an inmate. To a poor family this is sometimes a serious consideration. The withdrawal of one mouth is nothing like a compensation for the withdrawal of one pair of hands. In the third place, in any well-ordered system of industrial schools the parent will be made to contribute towards the maintenance of his child. As is very well pointed out by Mr. WATSON, the Honorary Secretary to the Industrial Schools' frigate *Havannah*, in a letter in the *Standard* of Thursday, the Industrial School, though it is not meant to punish the child, is meant to punish the parent. He is in fault because he has not brought up his child properly, and when this neglect of his becomes patent, and is obviously bringing the child to ruin and

preparing him to be an injury to the State, the State steps in and punishes the parent by taking the child away without taking away the burden of supporting him. Thus there are three considerations always at work to induce a parent to bring up his children properly. If he fails to do so he will be separated from them when otherwise he would have them with him; he will lose their wages, when otherwise he would have the benefit of them; and, in addition to this, he will be obliged to give hard money for their support. A properly organized system of industrial schools does not tempt parents to neglect their children; it rather makes it their interest to take care of them. It appeals alike to their affections and their pockets by holding out to them the unpleasant prospect of having both hurt.

RUSSIA.

OF all the countries that play a leading part in human affairs, Russia is, after China, that of which foreigners know least. It is only in the broadest and most general way that we can speak of anything Russian, and we can never be sure that such information as it is possible to obtain about Russia is not exaggerated or false or irrelevant. All that can be done is to seize on passing indications of what we may suppose is happening or is likely to happen in Russia, and to take them for what they may be worth. In Russia the CZAR is everything, and the CZAR must have some sort of domestic policy, and some sort of foreign policy. To learn a little as to how the CZAR personally is living, enjoying himself or suffering, and to catch a faint clue to his domestic and foreign policy, is the most that can be aimed at. Unless the accounts that reach England are mere fiction, the CZAR is at this moment leading, perhaps, the most wretched life that any human being is called on to endure. He is a prisoner at Gatchina, and a most unhappy prisoner. No one is allowed to go near him except after the most elaborate precautions have been taken. Every person, however well known, is watched, inspected, and searched; Cossack sentinels with drawn swords tramp up and down, and are stationed at the doors of the bedrooms of the Imperial family. The poor little heir to the throne is not allowed to take his usual exercise; he cannot ride in the park adjoining his father's house; and, in short, the whole of the Imperial family lead very much the same life as was led by LOUIS XVI. and his family after they became the prisoners of the Jacobins. And yet, in spite of all precautions, the audacity of the enemies of the CZAR never flags, and their pertinacity is never relaxed. It is said that at the station of Gatchina itself a mass of dynamite has been discovered, which was connected with the electric system of the telegraph office. The telegraph officials have been arrested, and have been added to the long list of officials in the close neighbourhood of or in familiar contact with the CZAR who have been reasonably or unreasonably suspected. Officers of the navy and officers of the army have been discovered to be connected with revolutionary plots, and the schemes of minor villains are always coming to the surface, and reveal something like a mania for harassing, if not killing, the CZAR. The members of the Central Revolutionary Committee, whoever they may be, have been good enough to intimate, through one of those indirect channels which they seem always easily to command, that they have not given orders for the death of the CZAR. They are willing to give him a fair amount of time in which he may show whether he is worthy to reign or not. But they have not the power, and perhaps not the wish, to keep back less responsible and more ardent conspirators. The police, who are now inspired by an activity unknown in the time of the late CZAR, are continually coming upon batches of persons, most of whom are women or mere lads, engaged in the most dreadful designs on the safety of the CZAR. The discoveries of a police stirred to unwonted activity at a time of feverish excitement are always to be received with distrust. As a rule, it may be said that the police under a despotism invent quite as many plots as they discover. But it is impossible to set down all the discoveries of the Russian police as imaginary. It cannot be for nothing that the CZAR shuts himself up at Gatchina like a hunted animal in his lair. No one would lead the miserable life led by the most

powerful of sovereigns unless he were absolutely obliged to lead it.

Apart from his prison life, the CZAR is as much a CZAR as any CZAR ever was. He can count as fully as any of his predecessors on the army, the clergy, and the peasants, and his domestic policy seems to consist in asserting himself as CZAR. He has thrown himself into the arms of those who represent old as opposed to new Russia. IGNATIEF replaces MELIKOFF, and General MILIUTIN has been relieved from his post as chief organizer of the army. The press is silenced, but an exception is made in favour of the organs of what is known as the extreme Moscow party. The CZAR is once more a Moscovite CZAR. He throws himself on the support of those on whose loyalty he can most confidently reckon. There is not the remotest chance of a real revolution in Russia, and the CZAR, with the mass of his people, is pitted against his personal enemies. They are his enemies not because they hate him, but because they wish for changes more or less radical in the Government of Russia. When he came to the throne the CZAR had his choice either of trying to crush the revolutionists, or of disarming them by making changes that would win him temporary popularity. At first he seemed to lean towards the latter course; but he soon changed his mind, and determined that he would fight the revolutionists, and not yield to them. It is very difficult for Englishmen, with all their prepossessions in favour of liberty, to say that he was wrong. Concessions made by a sovereign are very wise when they are concessions made to the nation over which he rules, and when the changes he accepts are desired by a nation that is fit for them. No one has made more concessions and accepted greater changes than the Emperor of AUSTRIA; and the result has been that he is in every way more powerful and exercises a far deeper influence than when he first wore his crown. But his concessions were to the Hungarian nation, to the Polish nation, to the German laity, to a strong and rich middle class, to army reformers who were only bent on making the Austrian army the best that could be got. In Russia there was nothing asked for by the revolutionists which was also asked for by the nation, and for which it was fitted. Nothing would have satisfied his enemies, who had only one idea—that they would tell him what to do, and would kill him if he did not do it. Some changes were, indeed, asked for by the nation, and with demands that were justifiable the CZAR has done his best to fall in. The peasants were suffering partly from bad seasons and partly from their own improvidence, and the CZAR has partially mitigated the prevailing distress by taking on the State a greater burden than properly fell on it. There was a general dissatisfaction felt with the prevailing corruption of officials; and the CZAR has announced that he will set his face against corruption, and will dismiss without stint and without pity officials whose hands are not pure. There is not much in this. All new brooms sweep clean, and the tide of corruption is not to be stemmed by the spasmodic interference of Czars who may happen to be seized with a fit of virtue. It needs the perseverance of years to purify a corrupt administration. But the CZAR can only make a beginning whether he perseveres in efforts or not, and this beginning he has made. Corrupt officials will probably not be much frightened by hearing that the CZAR is going to introduce a reign of purity. No sovereign wishes his officials to be corrupt, and all sovereigns from time to time denounce corruption. But the CZAR wishes to mark at the outset the general character of his rule, and it is at any rate some encouragement to the sound portion of Russian society that the CZAR should take an early opportunity of letting it be known that he is as much opposed to corruption as anyone can be.

That the foreign policy of the CZAR should be pacific is not a matter of probability, but of necessity. A man who is shut up as a prisoner by revolutionists and assassins is not likely to be inclined to war or to adventure. Sometimes, no doubt, sovereigns attempt to allay popular discontent or to divert popular attention by embarking on war. But the CZAR knows that his father tried this hazardous experiment and that it was a total failure. Far from stopping revolution, it was the Turkish war that brought Russian revolution to a head. It excited the people, impoverished them, and stimulated comparisons between the despotism which Russians felt at home and the liberties they won for outsiders. The

CZAR seems convinced that not only will war do him no good, and that Russia cannot afford a war, but that Russia cannot even afford an army fit to make war. He sees that he has no choice except between national bankruptcy and a diminution of the extravagant amount spent on the army. On paper Russia has, or ought soon to have, an army of two millions of men; but Russia cannot possibly pay for an army of two millions strong. One of the elements of all calculations as to the future of Europe which most deserves to be kept in view is that France is the only nation which can really afford to keep up the huge army which it is the fashion of modern European nations to create. Italy notoriously wants to have an army out of proportion to its resources, and Ministry after Ministry falls because foolish Italians want to have more soldiers than they can support. Russia has now gone a step farther, and owns that it must reduce its army, because it cannot meet the expense which the army entails. It managed to get through a costly war without that breakdown of its finances which there seemed good reason to expect. But it is now paying for this war, and it can only pay for it by weakening its great instrument of war. The same reasons, too, which inspire the CZAR with a distaste for war also inspire him with a distaste for adventure. The deputies of the Tekke Turkomans have just been received in great state at St. Petersburg, and have vowed allegiance to the CZAR. Even a representative from the Turkomans of Merv was present, although it is not clear for whom or by whose authority he spoke. But the submission of the Turkomans is the work of General SKOBELEFF, and he himself is in deep disgrace. The conquering hero was informed by the CZAR that there was nothing the CZAR hated so much as enterprises which embroil him with foreign Powers and excite the nation without doing it any good. There is no reason to doubt that the CZAR spoke what were his real feelings at the moment. As he had to reap the fruits of his general's victories, he could not avoid receiving with grace those who came to St. Petersburg to tender their submission, but he might at the same time honestly disapprove of the policy which had won this submission at a cost far heavier than it was worth. This feeling may some day pass away. If he wins in his great fight with the revolutionists, if Russia begins to breathe again, and something like peace and order is restored, he may come to look with greater favour on enterprises which are very much in harmony with the traditions and aspirations of his people. But the time has not yet come for such a change of feeling in the CZAR; and it may be safely said that, if Russia waits for a great war until she can afford one, years must elapse before a nation, the mainsprings of whose riches have been so seriously weakened, can treat itself to the most expensive of all luxuries.

THE SENATE AND THE SCRUTINS.

EVEN a Second Chamber which is as old as representative government has sometimes to play a part more in accordance with a prudent calculation of its powers than with its estimate of what is best as regards the particular measure under debate. Much more ought a Second Chamber which is only six years old, and is as yet wholly destitute of traditional authority, to be careful not to provoke an unequal conflict. By rejecting the *Scrutin de liste* after its adoption by the Chamber of Deputies, the Senate has tempted destruction just when circumstances were in an unusual degree making in its favour. It may not say much for the strength or independence of the Senate that M. GAMBETTA's reference to it at Cahors has been everywhere accepted as immensely increasing its chance of living. But it is better to be weak and protected than to be weak and solitary, and these appear to be the alternatives between which the Senate has made its choice. M. GAMBETTA was anxious that the Bill establishing the *Scrutin de liste* should be passed before the elections, and the opportunity of resisting him to any useful purpose was gone when the Bill was accepted by the Chamber of Deputies. Whether it would have been wise to have made use of that opportunity is a point upon which much might be said, but there is not a single serious argument to be alleged in favour of the course recommended by M. WADDINGTON. The Senate cannot suppose that it represents a majority in the country—indeed there is nothing to show that it even represents a strong minority.

Outside the Legislature and the Elysée nobody seems to care under which *Scrutin* the elections take place. The question has excited no enthusiasm in the constituencies, for the very simple reason that a small constituency is hardly ever anxious to be merged in a larger one. When several arrondissements, now returning a single member each, are grouped together in a department returning as many members as there are arrondissements, there will necessarily be a large loss of individual importance. The politicians who have been important in an arrondissement are not so conceited as to suppose that they will be equally important in a department. But nothing has happened to show that this natural dislike to absorption in a larger body has made the constituencies active partisans of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. Voting by departments is, on the whole, a Republican cry, and it has been recently made the especial cry of M. GAMBETTA. France is not a country in which a popular leader is deserted because his followers do not agree with him upon points of constitutional detail. The rank and file of the popular party are at least well drilled. They know how to take orders and how to carry them out. Nor will the conditions of the controversy be in any sense the same now that the *Scrutin de liste* has been rejected by the Senate. What in the Chamber of Deputies was a struggle between two methods of voting has now become a struggle between the two Chambers. More than this, it has become a struggle between the less popular of the two Chambers and a great popular leader. On the one side there is the Senate—not in very good odour with Republicans generally, regarded by some as reactionary and obstructive, by others as unsuited to Republican ideas, with nothing between it and extinction except a revision of the Constitution, the machinery for which is all prepared. On the other side is M. GAMBETTA, the real depository of power in the present, the formal depository of power in the future, the man whose rise has been accepted as inevitable alike by the reactionary party and by the Republican, with the Chamber of Deputies and the constituencies at his back, and himself pledged to the assurance that without the *Scrutin de liste* any stable Government is impossible. If this is not an unequal conflict, there has never been an unequal conflict yet.

And for what end has the Senate engaged in it? To vindicate its authority as a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature. That is one answer. To prevent M. GAMBETTA from being the object of a plebiscite. That is the other answer. It is difficult to say which of the two is the less conclusive. The Senate, like all Second Chambers, exists not to vindicate its own authority, but to defend the principles of political and social order in the event of their being assailed by the popular Chamber. When any one of those principles is really at stake, a Second Chamber has no business to think of consequences. If it surrenders the point in dispute, it surrenders that which it was expressly created to defend. Nothing, therefore, can be gained by avoiding a conflict. A Second Chamber which is too weak or too timid to do the particular work which it is designed to do may as well not exist. But when no such principle is at stake, a Second Chamber is bound to think of consequences. It has no right to engage in a warfare which may possibly incapacitate it from hereafter fulfilling its own proper function under the most favourable conditions and to the best possible advantage. There is no principle of political or social order involved in the present controversy. It relates only to a question of machinery—an important question, if you like, but still a question of machinery, and nothing more. If the Senate could have rejected the *Scrutin de liste* without incurring any risk, the case would have been different. It might then have been guided entirely by an abstract preference for small constituencies over large. But if even a slight risk had to be incurred in order to indulge this preference, it was the duty of the Senate to mortify its desire to slap M. GAMBETTA in the face, and to think of the larger interests committed to its charge. In the present instance the risk incurred is of the most serious kind. The approaching elections will take place under a *Scrutin* imposed upon the country by the will of one branch of the Legislature, and that not the branch to which the *Scrutin* in question has reference. The less popular of the two Chambers—the Chamber which is returned by indirect election, and which itself fills up a fourth of its own vacancies—has dictated to the country how the electors who return the more popular Chamber—

the Chamber which springs directly from universal suffrage, and undergoes entire renewal at each general election—shall be distributed. That is a far more exciting question than the comparative methods of the *Scrutin de liste* and the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. If the Chamber of Deputies had rejected M. BARDOUX'S Bill, it is probable that even M. GAMBETTA would have found it impossible to evoke any popular excitement. But when it is the Senate that has rejected it, he has very different cards in his hand. He will be able to accense the Senate of thrusting itself between the constituencies and their representatives; of going out of its way to determine a point which, though it may technically come within its province, ought really to be decided by the Chamber of Deputies alone; of attacking universal suffrage in the persons of the majority directly returned by universal suffrage. In this campaign M. GAMBETTA will be able to combine forces which have lately seemed to be separated beyond the possibility of re-union. He will have the support of the Republican party generally on the ground that the Senate has shown an entire ignorance of its true position under the Constitution. He will have the support of the Extreme Left on the ground that the Senate is a mischievous appendage to the Constitution which cannot too soon be got rid of.

The probable result will be that M. GAMBETTA will be placed in power just as effectually as though the Senate had voted the *Scrutin de liste*. The difference will be that he will be placed there as the enemy of the Senate, not as its friend, and after a struggle which will have the abolition of a Second Chamber as the declared aim of a part, at all events, of those who take part in it. It will not be possible for M. GAMBETTA to refuse the help of this last section of Republicans, even if he desires to do so. Nor is it even certain that he will desire to do so. M. GAMBETTA is not without his share of imperiousness, and though he was well disposed towards the Senate a fortnight ago, he may not remain well disposed now that by an unexpectedly large majority it has bidden him defiance. Important as M. GAMBETTA has chosen to make the *Scrutin de liste*, it is mainly important because he has made it so. The Senate has acted as though the reverse of this were the truth, as though, if no more were heard of the *Scrutin de liste*, no more would be heard of M. GAMBETTA. If this is the genuine conviction of the majority which rejected M. BARDOUX'S Bill, it does not say much for the accuracy of their political vision. If it is not their genuine conviction—if, that is, they have voted with a just appreciation of M. GAMBETTA'S strength—it does not say much for the soundness of their political judgment. The recognition of M. GAMBETTA as the destined ruler of France is a strange reason for provoking a quarrel with him on the eve of his taking possession of supreme power. It may be heroic not to worship the rising sun, but there is but little practical wisdom in trying to keep it below the horizon.

A SQUIRE'S NOTE-BOOK IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

ADVANCED politicians of the present day, bent upon reducing owners of property into rent-chargers and on cutting up fine estates into small pieces, may possibly not care to know how land was farmed or leased some two centuries back. What to them are old-fashioned fines and abatements *tempore Caroli Secundi*, or why should they trouble themselves about the price of wool and bark, stewards' charges, manorial rights, parochial charities, and all the other stupid details which bound tenants and landlords together about the time of the Exclusion Bill? It is sufficient for such persons that land in England is held by tenures wholly different from those in force in most Continental nations and in our Indian dependency; and that the last vestiges of "feudalism" are doomed to disappear. But to those who like to know how properties grew, devolved, and were managed by our ancestors, nothing is more attractive than the discovery of some ancient record, in the family chest or lumber-room, which, by an incredible piece of good fortune, has survived the inroads of housemaids and rats. One of these antique treasures has just fallen into our hands, and for practical men it is quite worth a barrel of flint and stone instruments adapted to the use of beings something between Bushmen and Yahoos. This said record consists of about ninety pages of stiff paper loosely stitched together by thongs of leather and covered with a thicker material now embrowned by age and dust. It is not exactly a diary, for chronological order is defied. Neither is it a mere book of accounts, made up of pounds and shillings and little else that can appeal to human sympathies.

The owner appears to have used it for the purpose of entering all the details of the receipts and expenditure of his not inconsiderable estates, and he was further in the habit of recording in it, just as they happened, the events which diversified his life in country and in town; the visits of friends and relations, marriages, births, and deaths, the time and money spent on journeys to London, the sale of stock of various kinds, a lawsuit with a neighbour, an unreasonable claim of the Dean and Chapter, remedies against paralysis and apoplexy, a certain cure for the cramp, and the stipend of the village schoolmaster. Such are the staple entries of a manuscript which would have delighted Jonathan Oldbuck, and might furnish a novelist with a chapter in a tale about Roundheads and Cavaliers. We may premise that the writer of the diary—for such we must call it—was Sir John Brownlow, of Belton, Lincolnshire, and that his estates passed by marriage into the family of Sir John Cust, Speaker of the House of Commons in the first ten years of George III. They are now held by his direct descendant. The handwriting of the diary is strong, clear, and legible. There is no recourse to perplexing ciphers; no asterisks or blanks to create unappeasable longings and stimulate prurient curiosity; and not a remark that need cause any one a pang or a blush. The writer occasionally interpolates a sentence or two in French, possibly with the object of airing his knowledge of that language, for it is sufficiently clear that there was nothing to be hidden. "Nous partîmes de Londres"; "Je vins à Ringston"; "une charrette de paille à vendre"; "des arbres se doivent abattre," these and other scraps of the French language might surely have been transcribed into the plainest English without any one being the better or the worse. And now to pick out a few of the items which the writer jotted down, we will undertake to say, without the faintest idea that they would ever form the groundwork of a short essay in the nineteenth century.

We should state that in the reign of Elizabeth there was a certain Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas, who acquired an estate in Lincolnshire that had belonged to the monastery of the Blessed Mary of York. This property had been sold by Henry VIII. to a family, in whose possession it remained for forty-five years, after which, eventually, it passed to Richard Brownlow, the aforesaid Prothonotary. He had two sons, William and John, created Baronets by Charles I. in 1641. The writer of our memoir, Sir John Brownlow, was born in 1594, married Alice Pultney of Misterton in Leicestershire in 1621, and died *sine prole* in 1679. His estates then went to his grandnephew, also Sir John Brownlow. He possessed a house at Isleworth, twelve miles from London; a mansion in Drury Lane; and estates in Lincolnshire near Grantham, rather more than one hundred miles from London. The journey from London to his country house seems always to have taken three or four days. We presume the family horses were employed, and one page shows that they came to London in April, returned to Lincolnshire in July, came again to London at the end of that month, and went down in August to remain for the autumn and winter. If a memorandum-book of this kind presumably gives any indication of character, we should say that Sir John must have been a person of excellent business habits; careful in the discharge of his duties and scrupulous in the administration of his estates; hospitable to friends and generous to the poor; a good Churchman and a staunch Royalist; in short, just one of those ancient squires who, with a little extra touch of colour, might figure well in the foreground of the now abandoned historical novel.

Three different stewards, Cardiff, Batchelor, and Richard Fullalow, appear to have collected and accounted for rents, and occasionally other large sums passed through the hands of one John Smith. If the rents for those times were considerable, so, on the other hand, were the outgoings. Out of 3,933*l.* more than 850*l.* were disbursed; out of 566*l.* nothing remained but one guinea; and out of 444*l.* only 11*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* But to some of these balance-sheets are appended careful notes which show that divers other items had still to be accounted for or recovered. Poles of wood or Maypoles had been sold for several pounds; one hundred wethers fetched more than a pound a-piece; oats and barley brought in more than 30*l.*; one Mr. Greenberrie was to pay 70*l.* at May Day; wood, old and new, realized a good price; and there are constant entries showing that Sir John was quite alive to the necessity of being just to himself as well as generous to others. Peter Incker owed a fine and was to sell a horse; Wetherill and Battie owed five guineas by bond, which another entry shows them to have paid. W. Clay might have half the roots in his little ground, and Sir John would stand half the cost of digging it; Will Buckberrie was to refund out-rents paid for him at London; if Thomas Garland wanted to "plow more, then he muss pay for it." Mr. Dove might for five shillings have a tree which had been blown down in the ash close; and there is an ominous query whether, if worthy Batchelor had formerly got 140*l.* from Cardiff, he was not bound by his own admission to pay 60*l.* out of it to one Aberley.

The prices of skilled and unskilled labour and of articles and stock are noteworthy. The doctor's fee for attendance on "my wyfe" was ten shillings; when Cardiff fell ill, Batchelor felled an acre for him, and might, we should think, have "stubb'd Thornaby Waste." In one bag of 100*l.*, 9*s.* 2*d.* were wanting; but Cardiff, we are happy to state, made good the deficiency. Jack Sayle was a long time paying his debt. Smeton might be permitted to have the grass mowed off the bowling-green, for so we interpret the *herbe au jeu de boule*. A beast that died of the "gargol" about the 6th of September sold for nearly 3*l.*; a pair of gloves cost

3s. 6d., and a ribbon 1s. 6d. Kerbie cow pasture was to be disposed of at Lady Day, and the thorns were to be grubbed up. Timothy Dove had a second presentation to two parts of the rectory at Rippengale. In a lease of eleven years the tenant had permission to plough for eight years, but not for the last three. 20s. a year was the honorarium attached to the duty of reading prayers twice every week to the poor at the almshouses; and various contributions, including one from Sir John himself, made up the schoolmaster's stipend of 17l. a year. We remark that while Sir John Wray, Richard Nelthorpe, *gent.*, Sir P. Tirwhit, H. Luddington, and others, contributed sums to the above end, of from 12s. to 2l. 10s., Corpus Christi College only gave 1s. 3d. to the above village dominie.

In the jottings of a Lincolnshire magnate we expected to find some allusion to field sports, but in this we have been rather disappointed. There is mention of gorse and cover, and the extent of the West Fenn country is put down as 19,000 acres, and it probably continued to be the "haunt of coot and hern" up to the beginning of the present century. But we hear nothing of decoys and mallards, springs and woodcocks. One tenant is, however, bound by the terms of his lease, to maintain "the warren and to leave one hundred couple of rabbits," and in some exchange of property with the Earl of Lindsey, a doubt is expressed whether free warren in Scottlethorpe had or had not been included. This reminds us of Dr. Johnson and Bennet Langton, of whom the Doctor declared that he was one of the oldest families in England:—"Langton, Sir, has a grant of free warren from Henry II.; and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John's reign, was of this family."

The following entries afford some clue to the value of landed property. 5,500l. represented eighteen years' purchase; 19,000l. was given for 976l. per annum, but in all probability the outgoings were considerable, seeing that in another account of Sir John's own estate, 1,724l. were disbursed out of 2,376l. received. If any doubt could ever have arisen as to the politics of the author, it would at once be solved by the loan made to the King two years after the Restoration. Charles wanted 500l. within fourteen days, and it was raised and paid by the writer in one-seventh of that time. Indeed, there was always a large store of coin placed in bags and deposited in the family chests at Isleworth or in Lincolnshire. Coin of the Protector's time to the amount of two or three hundred pounds had been left in the iron chest, and there seems to have been no attempt at turning a penny or getting any interest, except in one or two ways. The gold and silver lay idle in bags, and was only drawn on for the necessities of nephews, for marriage portions, for loans on mortgages, and for the purchase of more land. Macaulay, vol. iv. p. 319, writing of 1692, says that to many busy men, after the year's expenses of housekeeping had been defrayed out of the year's income, a surplus remained; and that a lawyer or merchant who had saved thousands was often embarrassed about investing them. The father of Pope the poet carried to a retreat in the country, the historian goes on to say, a strong box containing nearly twenty thousand pounds. This is exactly what Sir John repeatedly did in the memoir before us, and once he expressly tells us that at the time of the Great Fire of London he removed sixty-six bags of coin to his residence at Isleworth for safety.

In his dealings with his nearest relatives Sir John kept a strict account, in which we do not perceive any traces of penuriousness or unkindness. Every now and then he gave his best diamond ring and his great jewels to his wife. Then he took them back and then he gave them up again. To his nephew Sherard he made repeated loans, sometimes as much as 500l. at a time. To a young lady his great-niece, he gave a marriage portion of 3,000l. He put the children of twelve poor folks to school at a cost of half a crown a quarter for each child. He allowed R. Johnson to keep a horse in his woods; he founded almshouses; he made presents to high and low; on one occasion his liberality took the form of silver candlesticks and snufflers; on another he gave tankards; and then, again, he paid the rent of a house for his "Cosen Smith" for life.

Antiquarians may regret to learn that men had made oatmeal at Grantham "where Bacon dwelt"; but the house believed to be a horse-mill, had disappeared at the time of this memoir and a stable had also gone with it. The following items of legal expenses are shown in a trial in the Court of Common Pleas, the result of which is not very clear. The cause of action was a claim for "tith of hay and corne" growing in a certain parish, and it was brought under the statute of Edward VI. One-and-twenty jurors appeared and received five pounds each, besides their dinners. Sergeant Maynard—no doubt the same who told William III. that, if it had not been for His Majesty, he would have survived the law as well as the lawyers—had for his fee at the trial "6 ginnies," and "at other tymes, three ginnies." But Sergeants Baldwin, Turner, and Browne also had their 3 and 4 ginnies, and other fees, at odd times; and there were fees in Court of 4l. 10s., the charges of witnesses, and the bill of "Mr. Grange who solicited," which amounted to eight pounds all but sixpence. There is, too, a memo which we interpret to mean that, of the twenty-one jurymen, the nine who were not wanted and were not sworn need not have had as much as the twelve good and true men who sat on the trial; 3l. a-piece might have served the former. In this sentiment the reader will no doubt concur. Shortly before this event the Sub-Dean of Lincoln claimed to be patron of the church at Snarford with tithes, great and small, and also of a vicarage, and Sir John was called on to restore the rights of the

church, the Sub-Dean undertaking to keep up the vicarage and to provide a minister for the service. To this the prudent Sir John was disposed to make answer that, "if anything be due more than is paid, it is from the tenants, and not from me, and that there was a *modus decimandi* by prescription." We do not make out the result of the claim, but there seems to have been an offer of a compromise, the Sub-Dean paying a portion and the Lord of the Manor the rest. Against this demand the diary appears to have contemplated some counter-claim for a sum that had been constantly paid before the civil wars; but as the church lands had been sold and dispersed, "I know not of whom to demand, and know not how to recover it." The issue of another claim by a certain parson is, however, not at all doubtful. It was for twenty-nine acres of glebe lying dispersed in the parish by an ancient service of one parson Buckberrie, in 1577. The last incumbent had, however, claimed nothing, and when his successor filed a bill in Chancery against Sir John, a freeholder, and one other person, a good answer was put in, the parson was ousted, and the suit ceased. To turn from these clerical disputes, which are more edifying than Ritualistic squabbles, to smaller matters, we find that to prevent lethargy or apoplexy, there was nothing like some sneezing powder, made of dried betony, tobacco, and a little musk. This, with blisters on the neck, a warming-pan held to the head, and oil of amber to the nostrils and temples, was the prescription of one worthy Doctor Walldron in his letter of July 14th, 1666. Failing this there was another prescription too long to quote. To feed bees properly you are to get roasted apples, bean flower, and bay salt, or else sop toasts of bread in strong ale and put them into the hive. For the biting of any venomous creature, hold a hot iron to the place affected or a coal of fire; and a piece of briony-root worn about one will cure and prevent the cramp, while mare's milk drunk by women every morning in March and April will tend to conception. There are other curious entries, but our space is running short, and when we have noted that one line commemorates the death of Nicholas the cooke, and the very next that of the Duchess of Dudley, we come to the last entry of all, which has a tinge of sadness and yet fittingly closes a record over which Thackeray would have moralized. It is as follows, spelling and all:—"My deer wyfe dyed at Isleworth on tuesday the 27th of June 1675, between one and twoe at noone: exceeding suddenlie (no cause for it appearing), being 68 years of age as was apprehended or very near it. The corps being very well embalmed in a very good coffin was removed, late in the evening, about 10 o'clock, toward London and brought to my house in Drurie Lane on the 30th of June following, and on the 5th of Julie after, was carried towards Belton and there was buried on the 7th of Julie, where I also intend to lye."

A note adds that the age was probably seventy-two. The writer survived his partner, and died without issue some four years afterwards. A solid monument with the effigies of this excellent couple attests their virtues, and we may be permitted to doubt whether any brief diaries or loose memoranda kept in this age of bustle, excitement, and perhaps shams, will, if revealed in the year 2081, excel this record in interest and solid worth.

PAST AND PRESENT.

IN a letter sent last week by a Correspondent of the *Daily News* from Tunis there was a passage which might have given occasion for not a little thought to readers of that and other journals. "It has been a great surprise to me to find," says the writer, "the strong conviction that exists among all Arabs leading an Arab's life that England must interfere in their favour. The England these people rely on is not the one you and I live in, but the England of Wellington and Nelson, the enemy of France, the most powerful of all powers, always ready to strike a blow for a weaker friend; a nation that never lies. It is foolish, I own, but many a time lately my heart has been stirred by appeals and arguments based on the above estimate of English character; and I have not had the courage to try and convince the poor fellows of the very small chance of interference by our Government on their behalf." There may possibly be two opinions about the foolishness of the Correspondent's heart-stirrings; there can be but one as to the wisdom of his belief in the change from the England of history to the England of fact. Perhaps the description of the former England as the England of Wellington and Nelson is, except as a mere chronological indication, unjust; for, to do our generals and admirals justice, there is no reason to believe in their degeneracy. They blunder now, but they used to blunder then; and now, as then, it is pretty safe to calculate that, with fair luck and due encouragement, Marlboroughs and Wolfes and Wellingtons can be produced as well as Galways and Sackvilles and Whitelockes. The real difference is not in English generalship, or even in English soldiery; for it may be whispered in confidence to those who are not experts in military history that there were scares before "Fort Funk," and succumbings to an inferior enemy before Majuba. The difference is in English policy and English public opinion—in short, as the Correspondent very aptly puts it, in "the England in which you and I live" as compared with the England in which our grandfathers lived.

Even here of course it is necessary not to exaggerate. Just as there were blundering generals and time-serving generals of

old, so there were politicians who kept their consciences in their tempers or in their purses, who made the difficulty of the nation the opportunity of a party, who cringed and bullied in office, who defamed and caballed out of it. But where, without being extraordinarily pessimist, it is possible to see a distinct deterioration is in the fact that all these things, which were once looked upon with unqualified disfavour (in whatever party they appeared) by the nation at large, are now abetted and defended by a great, if not the greatest, part of that nation, a part which has next to no interest in abetting or in aiding them. The pamphleteer of the last century who drew pen in a Minister's service was in most cases a simple hireling, whose individual moral degradation might be considerable, but whose proceedings indicated no corresponding degradation on the part of the public. The modern journalist who praises the conduct of the present Government in the Transvaal, or in the teeth of the reports appearing in his own columns, accuses the Opposition of factiously obstructing Mr. Gladstone, is individually a much more respectable person than his spiritual ancestors; but as a symptom he is a much more unpleasant phenomenon. There is no reason to think that he says what he does not think; if he did it would not matter. But if he does think what he says, and if his readers and partisans think so too, it follows that the sense of national honour is absolutely extinct in them, and the capacity of political judgment hopelessly warped. For a parallel extinction and a parallel warping it is vain to look backwards, for none such will be found. On two occasions something faintly and distantly resembling the foreign policy of the present Government was the subject of violent reprehension on the part of one English party and of violent defence on the other. The Peace of Utrecht, with the abandonment of the Catalans, was the one; the peace of Paris, following on the partial abandonment of Frederick II., was the other. But in respect of relinquishments of territory and other advantages, the only charge against Harley and Bute was that they did not make enough profit, not that they abandoned any of the actual possessions of the nation and the Crown. As to the Catalans, though they were not too handsomely treated, it was, after all, the business of the sovereign they had supported to look after them, not the business of the English; and Frederick was a person quite able to take care of himself, as well as one who had got from the English alliance much more than he gave for it. Thus the conduct of the Ministry of the day, if open to attack, was also capable of making a very good defence. It is perfectly certain that the Transvaal business—with its ignominious surrender, its unavenged defeats, and its abandonment of Englishmen and English subjects—would, either at the beginning or the middle of the last century, have raised a storm which all the boroughmongering and Parliamentary jobbing of the day would not have enabled the Ministry guilty of it to weather. Again, the policy of the late Government was in many respects analogous to that of the various Tory Governments of the revolutionary period. But, while the sense of national interest and national honour in the latter case was strong enough to leave only an insignificant fraction of the Whig party in irreconcilable opposition, that sense was the other day so weakened that only a still more insignificant fraction abstained from opposition of the most virulent and factious kind. The greater the purity of modern political life the more sinister is the spectacle which from this point of view that life presents. If Sir Wilfrid Lawson saw his way in his action on the Transvaal matter to a pension of five thousand a year, with places and reversions worth ten thousand or twenty thousand more for his relations and friends, his conduct would not be half so disquieting. If the editors of Government journals received an occasional five hundred pound note from Lord Richard Grosvenor, in return for a particularly telling exposition of the text that, Irish property being robbery, all Irish persons with a taste for robbery ought to be made proprietors, there would be no cause for alarm. These persons, instead of being, as they are now, most estimable gentlemen, would be simple scoundrels, and as, though the majority is often composed of fools, scoundrels are on the whole in a decided minority in the human race, prospects would be tolerably encouraging. It would sometimes be for the interest of the dishonest men to take the right side, and the honest men would not be in danger of perversion in these gross and palpable ways. This is the explanation of what has often puzzled enquiring, but not very longsighted, historical students, the combination of flagrant political dishonesty in the last century with a total result, chequered of course by individual folly or rascality, but still, on the whole, a total result, of continual national prosperity. Almost everybody was sound on the root of the matter, the doctrine which Thackeray (not a Tory politician by any means) has happily formulated in *Esmond*, with reference to the greatest genius and the greatest scoundrel in English military history—"In face of the enemy there was no question at all. Wherever my Lord Duke found a French army he would fight it and beat it."

"In face of the enemy there was no question whatever." It would probably be impossible in any ten words to formulate more sharply the doctrine which, till about a century ago, was the doctrine of all Englishmen of whatever politics who were not individually villains, and of some who were, and which has only lately been openly denied by any considerable body either of politicians or of Englishmen in general. It would be impossible also to express both in deeds and words the opposite of this doctrine more strikingly than has been done by Mr. Gladstone's Ministry and by its supporters. It is in the face of the enemy that questions begin. At more or less distance from that formidable person they

can be brave enough in Queen's Speeches and otherwise. But in face of him? That is another matter. And when he has still further altered the relative position, and obtained a view not of their faces, but their backs, the matter is different still. The motto of the Radical in power appears to be not to fight the enemy and beat him wherever you find him, but to run away from him and be beaten by him wherever he finds you. The doctrine has been applied most signally and in most remarkable fashion of course in the Transvaal. It has been applied in a hesitating and fitful sort of way in Ireland; and now the Radical organs are urging the Radical Ministry to apply it altogether, to give up coercion, to capitulate with Archbishop Croke, to browbeat the House of Lords (who are thought to be weak and safe to browbeat), and to rob the Irish landlords retrospectively as well as prospectively as a peace offering to the redoubtable Land League. We do not say that the country approves these doctrines—indeed there is considerable evidence of a certain sullen and undecided kind of disapproval which may or may not break out into active revolt. But the point is that in a healthy state of national opinion the disapproval would have been instant, loud, and conclusive. The same may be said of the Bradlaugh business, though a somewhat different point is involved. But it is in reference to foreign and Irish policy chiefly that the difference is to be noted. In home politics there has been no such breach with ancient tradition, though of late years the party of destruction have made the pace somewhat faster than it used to be, and the course has been very considerably less well chosen. But the real point is that in reference to Ireland and to foreign Powers, including their high mightinesses of the defunct Republic which has (reversing the old story) painted out "Requiescat in pace," and painted in "Resurgam" on its hatchment. The old policy of England in all matters where armed resistance was expected or shown was a word and a blow, and the blow first. The new policy retains the words, but substitutes the reception for the administration of blows, and the nation, or a great part of the nation, if it does not exactly approve the change, permits it. It is of course possible that this oblivion of the simple fact that a nation is an association for the purpose of self-preservation, and that self-preservation means hitting out at all comers who appear dangerous, may be temporary, and that a reaction may follow. The curious thing is that, though democracies are not, as a rule, by any means patient or meek, to all appearance the delight of going against a Tory and aristocratic tradition has absorbed all other feelings in the Radical and democratic mind of England. The Radical, no doubt, promises himself that in the blessed days of the federated Hibernian, Caledonian, Wallian, and Anglian Republics (we name them in due order of dignity and without prejudice to the rights of Sodor and Man, &c.), he will make up for past *reculements* by the most vigorous leaps. Even on this supposition, however, the process is dangerous. When all the vantage points which benighted ancestors seized have been given up, and when the average Englishman has been brought to appreciate more fully even than at present the magnanimous satisfaction of being beaten and the exquisite luxury of being kicked, recovery of spirit, and still more of dominion, may not be so easy. Malcontents might then quote "Non his juvenis orta," and so forth. But a quotation from the classics will probably be punishable by fine in those days, not on the healthy principle of "sconcing," once prevalent at the Universities, but as an evidence of "aristocracy," an insult to the sovereign people who have only learnt biology and the principles of physics, and a sign that the Past, and not the Present, engages the sympathies of the quoter.

MR. FROUDE ON THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.

MR. ANTHONY FROUDE, as we all know, is nothing if not a controversialist. He has passed indeed in his time through almost as many "phases of faith" as another prominent writer of the day, but in none of them has he ever lacked the courage of his opinions or the courage of attacking their opposites. In his early Oxford career he was an ardent disciple of Mr. Newman's, and wrote, as he has just reminded us, lives of the Saints. From Newmanism, as it used then to be called, he suddenly turned to what is now designated Agnosticism, and instead of Lives of the Saints, we had *Shadows of the Clouds* and the *Nemesis of Faith* from his facile pen. But soon another change passed over the spirit of his dream, and he became convinced that these "roads, both of them, lead to the wrong place"; and he next posed as the apostle of that robust, if somewhat illogical, form of English Protestant orthodoxy, which takes Henry VIII. and good Queen Bess as its patron Saints, and treats all who opposed them, in politics or religion, as no better than fools or fanatics. In that drastic and uncompromising temper which he had partly acquired from his second master, the biographer of Frederick the Great, he composed his History of England. He has more recently indeed given us a Sketch of Julius Cæsar, which might seem a sufficiently neutral and undogmatic subject, yet even there his irrepressible theological or anti-theological instincts proved too much for him, and he could not refrain from ending with an elaborate parallel—which to most readers appeared equally foolish and indecent—between Cæsar and Christ. He has now been good enough, beguiled perhaps by the illustrious example of his old master, to give us a sort of *Apologia pro Vita Sua* in the shape of a series of Letters on the Tractarian movement, which has been published in *Good Words*, and which

we may expect to see reprinted with *quorum pars magna fui* as a motto on the title-page. Tractarianism had been sketched already *ab intra* and *ab extra* from very various points of view, friendly, hostile, or indifferent, by Tractarians who were still High Churchmen, by Tractarians who had gone over to Rome, or had become Rationalists, by outsiders, like Dean Stanley, who professed a certain intellectual respect for a movement they heartily disliked and very imperfectly appreciated, and by outsiders like Sir James Stephen, who freely ridiculed what they neither respected nor understood. The peculiarity of Mr. Froude's method of delineation is that it is at once entirely *ab intra* and wholly unsympathetic, while the final criterion of the merits or demerits of the movement is found in its personal effect on himself. He was bred up in it, he tried it, and he rejected it—*voilà tout*. Its doom is sealed. That is the moral of the tale, but it is not of course stated precisely in those words. On the contrary it is England, or rather the present age, which has tried and rejected "Sacerdotalism"—Roman or Anglican—but it is clear enough to the intelligent reader that Mr. Froude's mind is a microcosm of the age.

Mr. Froude's estimate of the character and results of the movement is based on his estimate of the religious condition of England fifty years ago, before it began, which to religionists, or irreligionists, of every class will appear a somewhat singular one in its complacent optimism. In those good old days, we are told, all who openly questioned the truth of Christianity were treated as offenders and excommunicated by society, whereas now, while one set of men are bringing back mediævalism, another openly question not only miracles but Theism. Both alike are wrong; sensible men have as little to gain from those who teach that bishops in ordination give really supernatural powers, as from the school of scientific criticism. And "to raise a doubt about a creed established by general acceptance is a direct injury to the general welfare," and even "discussion about it is out of place, for only bad men wish to question the rule of life which religion commands." After this we are not surprised to learn, from this disciple of Mr. Carlyle's Gospel of force, that "in stern and serious ages the religion of every country has been under the charge of the law; and to deny it has been treated as a crime"—as e.g. by the Spanish Inquisition. It was an unfortunate "relaxation" when legal punishment was exchanged for social excommunication, but still the principle was retained, and on the whole "the Church [of England] was perhaps in the healthiest condition it had ever known" fifty years ago. It is still more surprising to hear what is however still more emphatically insisted upon by the writer, that the Church would have remained in that happy condition to this hour, if the Tractarians had never disturbed its peace. It was they who, in their restless craving for "something deeper and truer than satisfied the last century," upset the coach, or in Mr. Froude's more ornate diction, by touching one part of a piece of complicated machinery spoilt the whole. What "*The Edinburgh Review* and Brougham and Mackintosh, and the Reform Ministry, and Low Church philosophy, and the London University" and Liberals in general—"whose talk was nine parts nonsense"—could never have achieved, was brought about by "young Oxford" under the auspices of Mr. Newman. "But for the Oxford movement, scepticism might have continued a harmless speculation of a few philosophers." Not that the fault of either sceptics or Tractarians lay in their disturbing faith—for that is a very secondary consideration—but in disturbing "an Established creed," which is quite another and a much better thing. For you do not ask of an Established Church or system of belief, any more than of a tree, "is it true, but is it *alive*?"—the italics are not ours—and if it is alive its orthodoxy must not be called in question with impunity. "Doctrinal problems were little thought of" in those halcyon days, either by priest or people. Parsons preached and people listened, much like Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" and his Rector:—

An I niver knawed whot a mein'd, but I thowt a 'ad summut to say,
An I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I comed awaay.

But if the parson was not a profound divine, he was "generally a magistrate," was looked up to in his parish as "the master," could not be looked down upon by "the family in the great house," and was oftener than not a good shot and a "moderate" fox-hunter. Such, Mr. Froude gives us to understand, was the state of the Church of England in general before the Tractarians with their wild-geese chase after "the something deeper and truer" turned it topsy-turvy, and let loose the flood-gates of infidelity. It was "the healthiest condition the Church had ever known." This is indeed a poetic picture truly charming in its Arcadian simplicity, but somehow it hardly seems to harmonize with the rougher teachings of reason or experience.

We cannot follow Mr. Froude in detail through the successive phases of his devious course. His second paper, which is chiefly a criticism of Mr. Keble, contains nothing specially remarkable. The next, which records his Oxford recollections of "John Henry Newman," is more interesting, though by no means equal in sympathetic discrimination to the sketch drawn some years ago by another hearer of Newman's in those early days. However, Mr. Froude is in the main appreciative and just in his account of the personal bearing and public teaching of the master he then revered. So little, he tells us, was Newman eager to make disciples that he never talked to undergraduates on theological questions, but on whatever subjects of the day were generally interesting, about which he always seemed to know more

than anybody else present. "He was never condescending with us, never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong he knew why we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be." Mr. Froude proceeds to explain how "no one who heard his sermons in those days could ever forget them," and recalls some characteristic illustrations of the peculiar force and fascination of his manner of preaching. In his next Letter he tells us how, after taking his degree, he went to spend some months in the family of an Evangelical clergyman in Ireland, and was amazed to find that Protestants, who did not believe in "the Catholic theory of the Sacraments" and thought "the Christian priesthood a fiction," could be such excellent people, whereupon straightway his "feelings of reverence for the Reformers revived." The process of reasoning is again Arcadian in its simplicity, and it is the stranger in a disciple of Mr. Newman's, who was so far from encouraging the absurd notion, which Mr. Froude attributes to himself, that "not even a Dissenter could be a really good man, and unbelievers were (necessarily and always) profligates seeking only an excuse for indulging their wicked passions," that he has again and again in his writings insisted on the contrary fact and offered an explanation of it from his own point of view which is at least perfectly intelligible. Mr. Froude then tells us about Tract XC, which had appeared before his return to Oxford, and had stirred "not the university only, but all England" as with a hurricane. The argument of the famous Tract—if we rightly understand him—he considers to be a perfectly honest and legitimate one, and he insists that had the author waited a few years longer, he would have seen that the Church accepted it as such; "his impatient departure has been condemned by his own arguments." Mr. Froude then adds that to himself on his return to Oxford "Newman was as fascinating as ever," though he had acquired in Ireland the disturbing and novel conviction that there were good men who did not believe in Newmanism.

The last Letter is entitled "The Lives of the Saints." When Mr. Froude returned to Oxford, the series of *Lives of the English Saints* was in course of publication. In these most of the leading Tractarians took part, and they gained a high commendation from Dean Milman for historical insight and exquisite grace of style, though he thought the writers grievously misused their powers. Mr. Froude was asked to take part in this work, and "the proposal pleased and flattered" him. It seems a little odd, however, that he should have accepted the offer, however flattering, when he had already on his own showing lost, or nearly lost, all faith in "the Catholic theory" of things. And it is still less easy to understand why, when he had undertaken the task, he should have been "thrown into a wilderness of perplexities," and felt obliged "after a short experiment to retreat out of his occupation," simply because he found the *Lives of the Saints* full of miraculous stories, for which "the evidence is commonly respectable," but which were to him as incredible as the tales of "Amadis of Gaul" or "Orlando Furioso." One might have supposed that any educated man, though he had never been an ardent Tractarian, would know what kind of matter he was likely to meet with in the lives of mediæval Saints, and in Mr. Froude's case such ignorance is the more inexplicable, because several years before Mr. Newman himself had published an elaborate essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles, discussing in detail their characteristics, evidence, credibility, and relation to the miracles of Scripture. He seems to imply indeed in this very paper that he was familiar with the Essay—as it is hardly conceivable that he should not have been—and if so his "wilderness of perplexities" at finding what he had undertaken to write about becomes itself hopelessly perplexing. His third "serious discovery," like the two former ones about "good" Dissenters and "pure-minded" unbelievers, can hardly at least have been a discovery to anybody but himself. But it is time to come to an end, and we are sorry to find that the end of Mr. Froude's lucubrations is still more gloomy than the beginning. He began with a lamentation and he ends with a prophecy. We were reminded at the outset of that Paradisiac age of fox-hunting parsons and uninquiring, if somewhat unenthusiastic, believers which was rudely disturbed by the outbreak of the Tractarian movement; we are assured at the close that neither we nor our grandchildren for many generations will ever see the like again; "centuries will pass" before the golden age returns. It is indeed dispiriting to contemplate the prospect of the long aeons during which "a ritualist English Church" and an unbelieving laity will be continually engaged in fruitlessly sparring at one another—we ask pardon for the homely phrase, but it exactly conveys the impression Mr. Froude's words have left on our mind—albeit there is some consolation in reflecting that there is a good time coming back for the race at last, though neither we nor our children's children will live to see it. "Centuries will pass first"—Keble and Newman have wrought that irreparable evil for their unoffending posterity—but at last in the dim future "religion and common sense will again work together, with the practical harmony that existed between them in the days of Whately and Arnold and Hare and Sedgwick." Let us be thankful that there is yet this much of balm in Gilead.

CRICKET.

THOUGH the season is still young, a good deal of cricket has been played, and perhaps as much sport has been shown as in the whole of a wet summer like that of 1879. So far the character of the play has served to prove once more how completely cricket is a creature of the weather. We had an uncommonly dry spring, and from the very beginning of May long scores have been made. Dr. W. G. Grace has already passed his two hundred, we believe, in one of those local matches in which the Graces are wont to keep their neighbours occupied in the healthy exercise of fielding through the whole of a summer's day. At the Universities long scores have been the rule. The relative chances of Oxford and Cambridge are always the most interesting topics of discussion at the opening of the cricket season. On paper Cambridge seemed to have all the better of the position, and to be certain of repeating the victories of the last three years. Mr. Ivo Bligh, indeed, has not been able to take part in the matches; and, if he is still too unwell to play at Lord's, his absence will be regretted as much by tennis-players as by cricketers. Mr. Bligh might have been expected to come very near winning the silver reward of him who attains to be next to Mr. Heathcote. But, though he is absent, Cambridge has still Mr. Steel. As the grounds have been so lively and true this season, Mr. Steel has not had all his wonted success with the ball. The Gentlemen of England, a strong batting team, and the Yorkshire Eleven, have each exceeded three hundred in one innings against Cambridge. It is not possible to say at present whether the great genius of Mr. Steel has deserted him, or whether he has been badly served by the character of the ground. Bowlers are, like poets, the creatures of inspiration, and a great bowler has his *annus mirabilis*, when everything goes well with him, and his lean years when his wickets are expensive. Ever since Mr. Steel has played in the Cambridge Eleven, the weather, so unfortunate for the farmer, has provided wickets which were hard beneath and wet at top, or in other ways suited to his skill. If the storms of this week are to last, he may be as dangerous as ever at Lord's.

Cambridge seems to have no other bowler of very great mark. In playing against Kent at Lord's a few days ago, Mr. Ford was by no means on the spot. Though difficult when he was straight, he was not so straight as he might have been. Mr. Napier, who appears to be a fast bowler, may prove a worthy successor of Mr. Morton, who so puzzled the Australians on their first visit. The other bowlers do not appear to be more than respectable. But in batting Cambridge is known to be exceedingly strong. The three Messrs. Studd are really men who can be relied on by their University. One of them may chance to fail on any given occasion, but he who does not score never has to feel the truth of the Icelandic proverb, "Bare is back without brother behind it." The other two brothers are certain to put on about a hundred and fifty runs between them against any bowling, except, perhaps, that of Peate and Bates and Hill. Last year the batting of the two Studds entirely discomfited Oxford, even after Mr. Fowler's pade stumped Mr. Steel. He, too, has been scoring very steadily, and he is supported by Mr. Ford, a very dangerous bat, Mr. Lancashire, and an almost embarrassing choice of other good men. Thus, though Cambridge scarcely seems so strong in bowling as when she defeated the Australians, and though it is scarcely possible that any fielding can match what she displayed there, she is still very powerful.

In one respect Oxford has made an advance this year. She has got a respectable cricket-ground in the Parks, within easy reach of the Colleges. The yearning friends of the endowment of research watched with anguish the subscription which the University offered to the new cricket-ground. There was so much less to be divided between budding professors of various branches of the science of Hypotheses. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was made the mouthpiece of the misery of culture. But the new ground is really a great boon to the undergraduates. It prevents much waste of time, it enables reading men to practise—an exercise much more wholesome than walking round "Mesopotamia"—and it cuts down the expense of cabs and drags to Cowley and the Magdalen ground. It is scarcely more important that the new ground is a true and lively one, as the long scores of the present season testify. Oxford Elevens have been in the habit of coming up to Lord's discouraged, after six weeks spent in collecting ducks' eggs in the mud and slime of Cowley. This year they have had no such gloomy experiences to abate their confidence. But the team is by no means so strong, on paper, as that of Cambridge. Oxford has only one very "consummate" Freshman, Mr. Leslie, of Rugby, who has been scoring with much freedom. We have only seen Mr. Leslie at Lord's this year, when he played for Middlesex against Yorkshire. Though he got some runs in the second innings, in the first he was quite unable to master the problems of Peate and Bates. The former, who three years ago was rather a simple bowler, has developed into, perhaps, the most difficult of the day. His deliveries in the neighbourhood of the off-wicket have an alarming way of rising up perpendicularly, so that even Mr. Grace seemed wholly puzzled by them in the first innings of "Over Thirty" against "Under Thirty." Mr. Leslie, as we have said, could not play Peate, but neither could Mr. Webbe, Mr. Walker, nor Mr. Vernon. At Oxford the Rugby Freshman has almost invariably scored very highly. Mr. Whiting, also a Freshman, we believe, Mr. Thornton, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Kemp, and Mr. Evans, have made very considerable scores. But while any of these, with Mr. Trevor, perhaps the prettiest bat of them all, may get runs,

four or five of the Cambridge Eleven are morally certain to get runs. It is as if there were four Leslies at Cambridge to one at Oxford. In bowling Oxford is not strong. The baneful examination system has kept the captain in the schools. When Mr. Evans bowled against "Over Thirty" on Whit Monday, he was severely handled by the impetuous Mr. Hornby, and seemed by no means as fast and dangerous as he has sometimes been. Mr. Walker's name, too, has usually been absent from the Oxford Eleven, and we have scarcely had an opportunity of seeing whether he is as good this year as the Australians last year found him at Glasgow. In Mr. Robinson Oxford has a new fast bowler, who was very successful in the first innings of the Gentlemen of England. But that Eleven were by no means so strong as that which under the same name played Cambridge. For many years Oxford has been slack in securing severe trial matches, whereas Cambridge has already played Yorkshire, and intends, we understand, to play Lancashire. Though much depends on the weather, most prophets will expect to see Cambridge victorious at Lord's in the end of June. One of the best of cricketers and judges of cricket is, however, of the opposite opinion.

The match between "Over Thirty" and "Under Thirty" would have been an interesting one, in spite of the absence of Shaw (who has been batting wonderfully well this year), had it not been spoiled by the weather. Hill proved once more that he had recovered the art of bowling; and Mr. Ridley showed his old mastery with the bat. Mr. Pearson distinguished himself at the wicket, and Mr. Ridley's fielding at point rewarded enthusiasts who looked on in the icy cold of a British June. The ground being slow, Mr. Hornby hit much too soon at several balls, the result being strokes of the sort generally observed on village greens, and known to the fastidious as "agrarian outrages." It is worth noticing that Kent has beaten Derbyshire, strong as that county is in bowling. The victory was mainly due to the excellent batting of Lord Harris, who scored thirty-four, and, ably aided by Mr. Jones, made seventy-two, not out, in the second innings, when runs were badly wanted.

In contrast to the general prosperity of cricket is the quarrel between the Notts men and the County Committee. That Mr. Foljambe, Oseroft, Wild, Gunn, Brown, Miles, Wright, Sherwin, Lane, Butler, and Shore should represent Notts borders on the ludicrous. Notts is not herself without Shaw and Morley and Flowers. It is always difficult to unravel these quarrels, but there appear, as usual, to be faults on both sides. The trouble began with last year's ill-omened visit of the Australians. These men drew such large sums that English professionals became ambitious in their turn. The Notts men made a high, though perhaps not unreasonable, charge for playing against the Colonists. This caused some bad feeling. Then there was a quarrel as to whether a member of the Eleven might take a team under the county name to play eleven of Yorkshire. Though the member of the Eleven made large concessions, the Committee did not meet him in a very conciliatory spirit. Then came demands from the Committee, meant to protect the sacred name of "Nottinghamshire," and the Players in turn made new demands. Seven of them wanted engagements for the season's county matches, and the Committee would not make the engagement with more than five. There were much less justifiable stipulations about "benefits." There seems also to have been some want of courtesy on a certain occasion. On the whole, it is far from being "a very pretty quarrel," and we hope that the contending parties, like Mr. Gladstone, will submit these matters to peaceful arbitration. If the Committee and the Players will bury the private tomahawk, and only think of cricket and the county of Robin Hood, all may yet be well.

LITTRÉ.

THE death of M. Littré in the fulness of years and honours deprives France and Europe of certainly the greatest lexicographer of recent days, and France at least of the greatest example of that class of men of letters that she has ever possessed, even Henri Estienne being hardly an exception. Like Estienne, Johnson, and Grimm, M. Littré was a signal example of the futility of supposing that dictionary-making is the proper function only of a pedant who has no interest in words except as words only. He was not only a man of the very widest information and cultivation, both in science and literature, but his literary studies bore fruit in miscellaneous essays, translations, and other such like things of the least arid kind. Nothing could be further from the exertions of the mere pedant than the famous article which he wrote more than thirty years ago on Homeric and French epic, with an included translation of part of the Iliad into French verse of the *Chanson-de-geste* pattern in language and metre. That the experiment was wholly successful could hardly be said; nor, for reasons the giving of which would necessitate a venture into that great and terrible wilderness the Homer-translation controversy, could it be expected to be so. But the attempt showed, as most of M. Littré's old French studies showed, that he had with the beautiful old tongue the kind of familiarity which scholars of the last and earlier generations had with the classics. From the point of view of modern and strictly scientific philology, his fashion of old French scholarship might be found fault with now and then, but not from the literary and humanist side. Indeed, his devotion to old

French was very much that of a humanist of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to Latin and Greek. He renewed only a year or two ago his practice in old French composition by translating Dante into the language which Dante himself heard from and talked to Frenchmen of his own day. At an earlier period he had taken a considerable part in the great and slowly advancing *Histoire littéraire* of France, one of his most noteworthy contributions being a paper on the *Romans d'aventures*, which is one of the best in the whole collection, though at the time the treasures of this department of literature were by no means so fully explored as at present. Nor should it be forgotten that M. Littré was one of the stoutest champions of the absolute continuity of French literature from the beginning to the present day. Every now and then, too, he would review the work of a fellow-labourer in singularly pleasant and appreciative essays. Some of these were republished not long ago, and were then noticed in these columns, the volume containing them including also a delightful paper, the title of which, "Comment j'ai fait mon Dictionnaire," best describes its contents.

Except to specialists of one kind or another, his Dictionary and the way in which he made it will always be the chief points of interest in M. Littré's work. Even as far as mere bulk, ponderable and numerable, is concerned, it is one of the most surprising works ever accomplished by a single man. But the bulk of it is by no means its most remarkable feature. The worker had considerably less assistance from his predecessors, as well as a much vaster expanse of ground to traverse, than most of those who can be compared to him. The great classical lexicographers of modern times in particular had the advantage of possessing in the Greek and Latin classics a field large and difficult indeed, but very clearly marked out, and capable of being traversed in no very extraordinary time. To read through every author quoted in Facciolati or in Stephanus would be a formidable task no doubt, but by no means a hopeless or an illimitable one. But the enormous mass of literature in which before the invention of printing France was richer than all the other European nations put together, while even since that time she has certainly not been inferior to any, exceeds in volume the subject-matter of the classical lexicographer almost infinitely. Nor, as has just been said, had the bold scholar much assistance from his predecessors. The slowly-moving Dictionary of the Academy seems to have frightened competitors out of the way by impressing upon them the hopelessness of doing in a single life what forty chosen lives, continued through half-a-dozen generations, had failed to achieve. The little good work which had been done, such as Nodier's, was for the most part fragmentary. M. Littré had, however, both the qualifications of genius—audacity and the capacity of taking pains. He had, of course, collaborators—the mere mechanical part of the work necessitated this—and of these M. Beaujean, the compiler subsequently of the excellent abridgment, which is probably the best hand dictionary of any modern language, is understood to have been the chief. But the plan, the capital fund of knowledge and study, and, in all important respects, the execution, were as much his own as in the case of any work of the kind, if not more. Considerations of proportion and of size made it unfortunately necessary to restrict the vocabulary and commentary in reference to the elder branch of the tongue with which M. Littré was so excellently qualified to deal. But quite recently, and with his own cordial approval, this work has been taken up, and a companion Thesaurus of old French, on a scale even more imposing and exhaustive, is already some stages on its journey.

If it be desirable that a dictionary-maker should know something of everything, as it certainly is, it may be doubted whether any one ever fulfilled the condition more satisfactorily. Omniscience was not M. Littré's foible; but it was in some respect his forte, and it was not an inaccurate omniscience either. He was, as is well known, by original education a student of medicine, though we believe he never fully graduated nor attempted to practise. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and his well-known *Hippocrates* made him a member of the Académie des Inscriptions long before the Académie Française deigned to admit the man who had beaten her single-handed at her own special task. He followed this up by a considerable number of works on medical and scientific history, and was at least a fair proficient in some Oriental tongues. But while literature, philology, and science would each have sufficed to give him a position of no small eminence, one important field to which he devoted his energies remains to be noticed. His relations with Comte and Comtism will make up a large part of the story of his life when it comes to be written. He was, though at no time a fanatic, a strong Democrat and Freethinker. Born as he was in the first year of the century when religion was almost banished from France, and when the Republic was still all in all to most of those who took an interest in politics, he was apparently brought up in the same principles, or the same lack of them. He translated Strauss's *Life of Jesus* very soon after it appeared, and for a time he threw himself with ardour into the Positive crusade. But, as every one knows who knows anything about Comte, the later lures of that philosopher were very far from satisfying M. Littré's cool and critical judgment. It was not by any means that his philosophy was purely negative, but that the fantastic follies of the later period seemed to him contemptible. He remained, therefore, both during the latest period of Comte's life, and after his death, the head of the philosophical as opposed to the religious Comtists, and most people whose duty or inclination has taken them in the way of the debates which have arisen on this question, have been

amused at the noble profusion of invective with which the fanatics of the latter party have poured on M. Littré and those who dared to oppose the new revelations. These invectives did not greatly disturb the lexicographer any more than the opposite invectives with which he was visited by the orthodox party, with Mgr. Dupanloup at its head. So long as the Empire lasted the Bishop succeeded in keeping his enemy out of the assembly, and it seemed likely that M. Littré would go down to posterity as one of the most illustrious occupants of the forty-first chair. In 1871, however, the tables were turned. M. Littré, as a strong Republican, had already been elected to the National Assembly, and he was admitted to the Academy by a large majority, against it, it is true, two rather weak competitors. Thereupon Mgr. Dupanloup shook the dust off his feet and retired from the polluted halls. In estimating the conduct of the Bishop, to whom every credit for consistency and conscientiousness must be given, it should be remembered on M. Littré's side that his irreligion, such as it was, was of a purely speculative and unaggressive type, that he had never indulged in offensive language towards Christianity, and that the *odium theologicum* had never been understood to be entitled to penetrate the Academy. Four years afterwards M. Littré was elected a life senator.

The usual idle and somewhat disgusting controversy about the religious opinions of the dead man at his death has been stirred up in France, according to a bad fashion revived from the last century. It is at least amusing to find that the very persons who charge his relations with surreptitious conversion *in extremis* admit that in a former illness their own friends blockaded his sick room against the now victorious enemy. This odd method of maintaining thought in its freedom suggests St. Evremont's story of the generous philosopher who was on the point of blowing his free-thinking friend's brains out to save him from the disgrace of recanting. Whatever may be the truth of the case, which, of however great importance it may be to the person principally concerned, is one as to which curiosity from outsiders is absolutely impertinent, it may be repeated that no one ever kept more aloof from the type of the aggressive enemy of religion and of Christianity than M. Littré.

This, however, let it be also repeated, is hardly the business of survivors to discuss. For those who come after him M. Littré will be an interesting exponent of a certain stage of the Positivist movement, no doubt. But his importance in this respect, like the importance of all commentators and expounders of systems of philosophy, will dwindle by degrees, and will become at last merely a subject of historical and antiquarian interest to specialists. So, too, his contributions to medical and scientific history will have their day and pass, as such things must. Science may be eternal, but each particular scientific expositor has the most precarious tenure of subjective immortality. It is otherwise with those who betake themselves to the more abiding fastnesses of literature. M. Littré's original compositions in this kind, if not of the first excellence, would be sufficient to give him a place, and an honourable one, in literary history. But his Dictionary is a claim of a very different kind. Done as it is, and at the particular time of its doing, it may be said to have been done once for all. It may be supplemented, corrected, rehandled perhaps, but—at any rate for some centuries, unless M. Zola succeeds in the task of abolishing the French language and substituting for it the *langue verte*—it will certainly not be superseded, and will even then form the basis of whatever it may be that supersedes it. Of the busy and brilliant generations among whom M. Littré passed his life of more than fourscore years there has hardly been another man who has so entirely given up his days to study, diverging into politics only as an occasional exercise, and never spending much time on active political business. Nor, perhaps, has there been another whose study has yielded such solid and nourishing fruit.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

IT is a great misfortune that the whole subject of the history of the steam-engine and its inventors has for so long been in the hands of the picturesque bookmakers who, only wishing to manufacture amusing and romantic works, and being for the most part splendidly ignorant of science and mechanism, have devoted themselves to glorifying inventors and representing them to the world as a class of inspired prophets to whom direct revelations were made by accidents happening in their presence, which revelations they at once put into a practical form by the aid of an inspired genius. The result of all this tawdry, inaccurate writing is that when the real truth becomes generally known, there is a feeling excited in the popular mind that these inventors were not such very great men after all. Few men have suffered more from this over-praise in the wrong direction than George Stephenson. He is generally looked upon as the inventor of the locomotive engine in the sense that, at a time when locomotive engines were unknown, he actually thought out and made a carriage to run upon rails, propelled by steam. Now in this sense George Stephenson is perhaps hardly the inventor of the locomotive; and indeed what he did towards the actual construction of the historical "Rocket" was, setting aside the help he received from his son Robert, in strict technical language less the work of an inventor than of a "schemer," a schemer being a man to whom the outlines of an invention are given, his duty being to work out the practical details.

To justify our remarks we may shortly trace the history of the locomotive up to the time of the building of the "Rocket," confining ourselves to the high-pressure engine without condensers. In 1784—or three years after George Stephenson's birth—William Murdock, a superintendent of Boulton and Watt's pumping engines in Cornwall, constructed a model of a high-pressure steam-carriage, but was prevented from carrying his invention any further by Watt's almost superstitious hatred and distrust of the high-pressure engine, together with his utter disbelief, in spite of his own designs in the same direction, of the practicability of steam locomotion, which is strongly shown in the following letter from Watt to Boulton, dated September 12, 1786, which we extract from a recent valuable work (*The Steam Engine and its Inventors: a Historical Sketch*. By Robert L. Galloway, Mining Engineer. London: Macmillan & Co.):—

I am extremely sorry that W[illiam] M[urdock] still busies himself with the steam-carriage. In one of my specifications I have secured it as well as yours could do it according to my ideas of it; and if to that you add Symington's and Sadler's patents, it can scarcely be patentable, even if free of the general specification in the Act of Parliament; for even granting that what I have done cannot secure it, yet it can act as prior invention against anybody else, and if it cannot be secured by patent, to what purpose should anybody labour at it? I have still the same opinions concerning it that I had; but to prevent as much as possible more fruitless argument about it, I have one of some size under hand, and am resolved to try if God will work a miracle in favour of these carriages. I shall in some future letter send you the words of my specification on that subject. In the meantime I wish W[illiam] could be brought to do as we do, to mind the business in hand, and let such as Symington and Sadler throw away their time and money hunting shadows.

Murdock was also the inventor of the slide-valve, one of the most important details of the modern locomotive, and indeed of almost all kinds of steam engine.

Trevethick, in 1801, actually constructed a road carriage propelled by steam; and in 1804 constructed a locomotive to run on a tramway, which was used at Pen-y-Darran, South Wales, and in this engine he used a form of steam-blast, by which the steam in escaping, after doing its work in the engine, increased the draught through the fire; and in 1808 exhibited in London a locomotive drawing a carriage on a circular railroad. Later on Blenkinsop tried the plan of toothed wheels on the engine, and a rack cut on a rail, to enable the locomotive to go up steep gradients. Stephenson's attention was directed to the subject of steam locomotion about 1814, at which time several engines were in use on tramways in his neighbourhood; and he constructed an engine of the smooth-wheel type, which was tried on the Killingworth Railway with success. From this time he designed many locomotives, and soon abandoned the complicated gearing by which the motion of the piston-rod had hitherto been communicated to the driving wheels, and applied the connecting rods directly to them. Hackworth, in 1827, built the "Royal George," and for the first time applied the two connecting rods to the same pair of wheels. In 1828 M. Seguin, of the St. Etienne Railway, patented the multitubular boiler; and, later on, applied it with success to a locomotive which George Stephenson had built for him.

In 1829 came the great competitive trial of locomotive engines on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and for this George Stephenson, with great help from his son Robert, designed and built the "Rocket." In this engine the multitubular boiler was used, and the exhaust-pipe was narrowed at its mouth so as to increase the efficiency of the steam blast, and the cylinders were inclined instead of vertical. This locomotive not only fulfilled all the conditions of the trial but triumphantly beat all its competitors, and at once showed that the problem of steam locomotion on railways was solved.

Thus we see that the locomotive engine was not invented in the popular sense of the word by any one man, but was the result of a regular process of evolution, each man connected with its development adding some improvement, and to the Stephensons, father and son, can only be given the credit due to combining many known improvements in a very perfect way. But though George Stephenson had less to do with the actual invention of the locomotive engine than is popularly supposed, his real greatness is far beyond his modern reputation. As a mechanical engineer he had the quickness and readiness necessary to enable him to combine the isolated work of others into a practical scheme, which alone implies great grasp and power of mind. But further, at a time when steam locomotion was looked upon rather as a scientific curiosity, useful perhaps under certain circumstances, but useless if not harmful for general purposes, he had the foresight to see that a great new power had been given to the world which would soon change the habits and thoughts of all men. He had raised himself from the condition of a labourer to that of a skilled mechanical engineer without help, and purely by his own industry and cleverness; and now he became a reformer, almost a statesman, and it is this later development of his character which shows him to have been one of the world's great men. He fought prejudice even in Committees of the House of Commons, where he had to meet the opposition of men better educated than himself, and submit to the ordeal of cross-examination by the leaders of the Bar at a time when the license of cross-examination was far greater than it is now. But with mingled shrewdness and good temper he won his way, and did more for the establishment of our modern railway system than any man of his time. When ignorance and prejudice had been overcome he returned to professional work, and kept his place as the first railway engineer of his day in spite of all opposition. This he did by being one

of those able to lead and command. In his engine factories he had to make his workmen, and had but few machine tools to enable him to dispense with highly skilled labour; but yet he founded a business which has lasted to our time with a high reputation for excellence of work. Fortunately George Stephenson had a body strong enough to bear the wear and tear of his active brain. He tired out his assistants and subordinates by his enormous power of work, and, above all, by his complete indifference to sleep, two or three hours in a night sufficing to keep him in good health and in full possession of his mental activity.

And such a man as this runs the risk of having his reputation destroyed, because a certain class of writers have chosen to glorify him for things which he has not done and to ignore the things which he has done. For improved scientific and technical education has produced a necessity for better information, and the result is that writers of good technical and scientific knowledge have re-examined the old authorities, and have written books which, though perhaps not so "readable" as the old class of works, are of infinitely greater value, so that the truth is becoming known, and we fear that we may soon see that reaction of popular feeling set in to which we have referred before.

George Stephenson has another claim to honourable memory in his labours to lessen the dangers of coal-mining. Early in his career he devised a form of safety lamp, still known, we believe, amongst pitmen as the "Geordie"; and, not content with experimental trials, he actually took the lamp himself into dangerous parts of fiery mines, thus showing those qualities of courage and firm belief in his own powers which were the main instruments of his later triumphs. This invention formed the subject of one of those sad controversies which occur from time to time between rival inventors and their friends, between Stephenson and Sir Humphry Davy. In the end, priority of invention was conceded to Stephenson; but, in point of fact, the two lamps—the "Davy" and the "Geordie"—had such points of difference between them that each might well have stood upon its own merits.

STEAM-YACHT RACING.

AT the Nice International Regatta of March last a prize was given for steam-yachts, but though four very fine vessels—the *Amy*, the *Aline*, the *Fair Geraldine*, and the *Franziska*—appeared to contend for it, the result of the race was not altogether satisfactory, as of the owners only one, to wit he who secured the prize, was satisfied—a state of things perhaps not altogether unprecedented in yacht races, but nevertheless much to be deplored. Lord Otho Fitzgerald, the owner of the *Fair Geraldine*, was the first to raise a wail. The *Franziska* took the prize from him by time, and he complained in a letter to the *Field* that the time allowance was unfair, and, moreover, that the start was mismanaged. As, however, at the time of writing this letter he was apparently mistaken, both about the time he had to give the *Franziska* and about the circumstances of the start, his protest failed, to say the least, to carry conviction, despite the fact of his having constructed for himself seventeen steamers, which he recorded with some pride. His letter had however one stirring result, as it evoked indignant remonstrances against the management of the race from the owners of the *Amy* and of the *Aline*. The first vessel, indeed, was singularly unfortunate. Her crew, it seems, had supplied themselves with tinned meat from the stores of one "Bobbly Joe," and, having eaten this bad substitute for the time-honoured salt junk on the morning of the race, were made extremely ill by it, so that the *Amy* had to give up the contest. Had she taken part in it, however, she would, in the opinion of her owner, have been at a great disadvantage, the time she had to allow the others being excessive. Those who settled it had not, in the opinion of this ill-used gentleman, taken into consideration the fact that the *Amy* had only auxiliary steam, while the others were full-powered steamers. The owner of the *Aline* was just as discontented as were those of the *Amy* and the *Fair Geraldine*. He considered that he had to allow more time than was fair to the last-named vessel and to the *Franziska*. He also objected, as did the other two owners, to the smallness of the prize offered for steamers compared with that offered for sailing-vessels; and wound up by offering to race for 100 miles without any time allowance for horse power. This condition might not impossibly be objected to; but it would be hard to find fault with the owner of the *Aline* for suggesting it, as he was clearly smarting under a sense of injustice; and, indeed, the principal result of the offer of a prize for steamers at Nice seems to have been to fill the minds of three estimable gentlemen with wrath and discontent.

We doubt not that by this time they are appeased, and that the sinning Nice Committee is forgiven, as the correspondence in which their woes were recorded took place long ago. We should not have referred to it now had it not been that it seems to have had some effect in awakening the idea of steam-yacht races, and that it shows very clearly an initial difficulty which will be found in settling the conditions of such matches. Some three or four weeks after the last of the complainant's letters appeared, Mr. Dixon Kemp, so well known as a writer on yachts and on the principles of designing, took up the subject of steam races in the *Field*, and he has since treated it again; while another writer in the same journal has begun an elementary description of the modern

marine steam-engine. We have frequently borne testimony in these columns to the excellence of Mr. Dixon Kemp's works and to his thorough acquaintance with the subjects to which he has devoted himself, and we much regret to differ from him; but, with regard to steam-yacht racing, we cannot but think him mistaken. He is strongly of opinion that such races are desirable, for he says in his second article that, with a fleet of four hundred steam-yachts, there is plenty of material for racing, and that the contests would prove not only interesting but highly instructive. Some instruction might no doubt be obtained, but the same instruction could be much better obtained without any contests at all. This we will presently endeavour to show, but it will be best first to consider the manner in which Mr. Dixon Kemp proposes to settle the conditions of these races. It has been seen that the owners of three of the four steam-yachts at Nice considered the time allowance most unfair, and it is obvious that fixing the allowance for steamers must be a much harder matter than fixing it for sailing-vessels, as both power and size have to be taken into consideration. Seeing what difficulty there has been about the simpler kind of time allowance, the arrangement of the more complex one would seem likely to prove troublesome in the extreme; but Mr. Dixon Kemp is quite ready with a method. He begins, of course, with measurement, and, considering the animated controversy which has been recently raging over his rule for measuring sailing-yachts, it certainly shows no small courage to propose a plan for measuring steamers with a view to competitive trials. This, however, Mr. Kemp does without hesitation. He does not, rightly enough, think either the Thames rule or the rule recently proposed applicable to steamers, but suggests displacement as the only proper measurement, and with this suggestion few who have any knowledge of the subject are likely to quarrel. Mr. Kemp's method of finding the displacement is, however, open to criticism. The length from stem to sternpost, the "mean breadth" and mean height of freeboard, are to be multiplied together, and then divided by 100. The quotient, together with "any closed in deck spaces or poop," is to be deducted from the gross register tonnage, and the remainder, multiplied by 100 and divided by 35, will, with an easily calculated addition for frames and thickness of planking, give the displacement in tons. No doubt this is a very good rough and ready method, but it is only a rough and ready method somewhat vaguely stated, and is subject to error. It would never be acquiesced in for competitive steaming, as every yacht-owner who failed to win prizes would set to work to show how badly it applied, and would have ample opportunities for criticism. It would be far better to take simply the gross register tonnage than an approximate displacement. The real displacement, accurately ascertained, would, no doubt, be the proper tonnage for competitive sailing, but there are sometimes peculiar difficulties in the way of verifying the displacement of a yacht. Mr. Dixon Kemp's method of determining the horse-power is also, as he candidly admits, approximate, and gives in some cases very erroneous results, so that it could never be accepted for fixing the conditions of contests. Indicated horse-power alone could be relied on.

In *limine*, therefore, are two difficulties which Mr. Kemp, despite his thorough knowledge of the subject, does not seem to have overcome. The main principle, however, which he lays down for settling time allowance certainly appears to be the right one. The test of merit, he says, ought to be "the largest displacement moved with the greatest speed by any given steam power." He will be a bold man who endeavours to dispute this *dictum* and he will also be a bold man who endeavours to arrange a system of time allowance to be understood of all, with this principle for a basis. Mr. Dixon Kemp proposes a plan which we have not now space to treat in detail, but which we hope to consider at length in a future article, as the mathematics are interesting. We may observe, however, that amongst other objections to his plan there is the important one that in too many cases sailing or rather steaming Committees and secretaries of clubs would be greatly puzzled to understand the reasoning on which it is based. The articles of Mr. Dixon Kemp's colleague "Helix" show that he considers very elementary instruction necessary for yachtsmen. The rule, however, in which Mr. Dixon Kemp's calculations result is simple enough. The difference between the theoretical, or, to speak more accurately, hypothetical speed of any two yachts over a given length constitutes the time allowance. This, no doubt, seems a good rule, but we venture to say that, if steam-yacht races became frequent, many would be the complaints of owners about the hypothetical speed assigned to their vessels. As just said, however, we have not now space to enter into the mathematical portion of the question. It is sufficient to say that in the system set forth by Mr. Dixon Kemp in his two articles there are sources of error that would lead, if that system were adopted, to wrangling almost as bad as that which has continued for so long over the Thames rule of measurement.

As has been shown, the race at Nice gave rise at once to indignant remonstrances about the time allowed to the winner and to the *Fair Geraldine*, and if a man of Mr. Dixon Kemp's exceptional knowledge is not able to devise a thoroughly satisfactory method of calculating what should be given and taken by steamers, it may fairly be assumed that this question of time allowance which is sure to give rise to such strong feeling is a very difficult one and not likely to be easily settled. Even, however, if it is settled, and if a system to which no legitimate objection can be taken is elaborated, it will still be most doubtful whether steam-yacht racing is a desirable addition to the national sports. Very possibly,

as Mr. Dixon Kemp says, some instruction will be obtained from the contests of steamers; but the same instruction can be obtained from ordinary trials, and is indeed obtained from them every day. A steamship Company does not want to race one of its vessels against another in order to ascertain merits and defects; and it is to be observed that ordinary trials, being made simply for the purpose of acquiring knowledge of the engines, speed, &c., will give results far more trustworthy than those of trials made in all the heat and excitement of contest. Then, surely, steam-yacht races will be the very dullest races that can possibly be seen. In most cases the vessels will, within a short time after the start, be arranged in the precise order in which they will arrive, and often the race will be nothing but a gradual lengthening of the spaces between them. Any one who witnessed the latter part of the race between the *Vanduaara* and *Formosa* in the Royal Thames match last year, which, however satisfactory to the men of the *Vanduaara*, was uninteresting and most wearisome to spectators, will be able, we should say, to form a very good idea of what a steam-yacht race will be like. Mr. Dixon Kemp himself admits that, as a picturesque spectacle, such a race will be less interesting than a contest between sailing vessels, and in another respect it will be very far inferior. There will be no opportunity for the display of the good seamanship endeared by the noblest associations to Englishmen. Moreover, steam races will, if they become common, present scarcely more interest than is offered by a sum in addition and subtraction. Often it will be easy to foretell the result with all but absolute certainty. The speed of a steamship, in smooth water and with a light breeze in her favour or a light breeze against her, is commonly known with great exactness by those who have to do with her; and, if matches between steam yachts grow frequent, the owners of racing vessels will know very accurately the speed of their rivals. Steamships are not driven hither and thither as sailing vessels are, but steer direct courses, so that the precise distance they have to cover can be ascertained. Frequently, therefore, on the morning of a race, the owner of a yacht, by working a very short and easy sum, will be able to discover the intervals which will separate the vessels at the end of the contest; and then, by referring to time allowance, he will find out whether he is to be winner of a prize or not. What possible interest there can be in such races it is hard to see, and we trust that for once the advice of Mr. Dixon Kemp, often so valuable, will pass unheeded, and that we shall not be afflicted with what may prove to be merely ostentatious exhibitions of wealth.

TRADE PROSPECTS.

THE effects upon trade of the severe weather of the early part of the year are at length passing away, and evidences are accumulating that once more a decided improvement is setting in. The Board of Trade returns for May, which were issued on Wednesday, show a marked increase both in the imports and the exports. The exports for the month exhibit an increase of about 10½ per cent. over those for May of last year, and even for the first five months of the year there is an increase of over 1¼ million sterling. In the imports the increase is about 7½ per cent. for the month, while for the five months there is a decrease of about 5 millions. From these figures it appears clear that what we have been witnessing since January is not an actual decrease, but only a check, due in large measure to the severity of the weather. To recur to the exports, it appears that even for the five months, while there were such great complaints of loss of business, there is an actual and very considerable increase in the value of the goods sent abroad. The truth appears to be that at the beginning of the year over sanguine expectations were entertained as regards the future. The revival had then lasted nearly a year and a half, and it was assuming such considerable proportions that it was hoped the present year would witness a still greater expansion of trade. When, instead, there was stationariness, or at best but a very slight increase, and when prices fell away, the disappointment was so great that what was only a temporary check was regarded as a serious decrease. In April, indeed, there was an actual diminution in the exports; but this was the only month of the five in which the volume of trade was smaller compared with 1880, a year of admittedly good business; and the marked increase which occurred in May shows that this was due chiefly to the Easter holidays and to bad weather. Another most encouraging feature of the returns is that the increase in the exports is very general. A larger value was sold to our foreign customers of cotton manufactures and cotton yarn, of linen manufactures and linen yarn, of jute manufactures, of silk and silk manufactures, of tin, lead, and copper, of hardware, haberdashery, chemicals, and apparel. The only two important articles which show a decrease as compared with May 1880 are woollen goods and iron. In woollen yarns and also in woollen manufactures there is a falling off; but certain kinds of woollen manufactures—as, for example, woollen cloths—show an increase. It is in blankets, flannels, and carpets that the falling off occurs. As regards iron, again, the decrease is entirely in the exports to the United States. Railway construction in the United States assumed such enormous proportions in the end of 1879 and the beginning of 1880, that the trade at home was unable to meet the demand, and consequently large purchases had to be made in Europe. The rise of prices, however, gave such a

stimulus to the native supply that the demand for European iron came to an end in the middle of last year. But, with the exception of the United States, the demand fully keeps up, and in many quarters is considerably increased. The falling off occurs in old and pig iron, in tin-plates, bars, angles, and hoops; whereas there is an increase in steel and in railroad iron, a very large one indeed in rails; and there is likewise an increase in wires, and in cast and wrought iron. There is, moreover, an increased export of telegraph wires, and of millwork and machinery. It is quite clear from this that our foreign customers generally are augmenting their purchases of iron from us, and that though the process is slow, it may be expected before very long to overtake the supply and cause a rise of prices. As regards the imports there is an increase in some of the raw materials of manufacture, and also in some of the articles of food. Amongst the former we find wool, silk, hemp, and copper imported in larger quantities, and also unrefined sugar. But woollen yarn, raw silk, flax hides, and raw cotton have fallen off. Tea, wheat, maize, and wheat-flour show increases; while wine, coffee, butter, cheese, and living animals show decreases.

The evidences of improved trade are not confined to the imports and the exports. There are unquestionable signs of a very large business being done at home also. For example, the railway traffic returns for the first three months of the present year show decreases in the earnings from goods traffic on eleven out of the thirteen weeks. In April, however, there was a change, and the increases began to outweigh the decreases. In May this change became more accentuated. In the two last weeks of that month, for instance, the increases in the receipts from goods amounted to 79,000*l.* and 65,000*l.* respectively, the result being that on seventeen selected railways of the United Kingdom the goods receipts show for the first five months of the year an increase of 42,000*l.* In these seventeen Companies are included some of the Scotch and Irish, which exaggerate the loss of traffic. If we were to confine our observations to English lines alone, the gain from goods traffic would be still more considerable. It is evident from this that the amount of trade being done this year is considerably larger than it was last year. Prices now, it is true, are lower than they were then, and profits consequently may not be quite as good. But, at the same time, the profits must be considerable. At any rate, there is a very large trade going on, and this trade is rapidly expanding. It was checked, as we have already said, and, as is shown very markedly by the railway traffic returns, in the first three months of the year; but during the last two months it has been again increasing, and is now assuming very large proportions, the returns for the present week in particular being exceptionally satisfactory. The returns of the London Bankers' Clearing House equally afford evidence of the increase of trade. During the month of May alone the amount cleared exceeded 500 millions, the increase being about 11 per cent. as compared with the corresponding month of last year. And three-fifths of this increase was from legitimate business, the increase on Stock Exchange settling days being only about two-fifths. In other words, not more than two-fifths of the increase, at the outside, can be set down to speculation, the remaining three-fifths being due to the growth of legitimate business. Upon the 4th of the month, when trade bills are cleared, the increase was about 5 per cent. Lastly, the revenue is also becoming more productive. It is too soon to attach much importance to this fact, and it is, besides, difficult to institute an accurate comparison, on account of the changes in taxation made by Mr. Gladstone. But, so far as the Revenue returns go for the month of May, they undoubtedly show an elasticity which for some time has been wanting. The evidence thus afforded by statistics is confirmed by the market reports and trade circulars. There is a much more encouraging tone about these than was observable when we last wrote upon the subject. Bankers, too, although they still complain of scarcity of bills, are agreed that trade is much better than it was in the spring. Altogether, in short, there is a more hopeful spirit than there was a little time ago. As regards the scarcity of bills, of which bankers complain, and which has been adduced as evidence of the slackness of trade, it is due in large measure, we are inclined to think, to the fact that trade is now conducted upon sounder principles than it was some time ago. Partly because prices are lower, and partly because the unhealthy credit that used to be allowed is not now extended, business is carried on on a ready-money basis much more largely than it formerly was. Besides, the extension of the telegraph to all parts of the world enables business to be conducted in a manner which was not possible formerly, and thus dispenses with the manufacture of bills to a very large extent.

Upon the whole, then, there cannot be any doubt that trade is improving, and is likely to improve. The great cheapness of money is as advantageous to trade as it is favourable to speculation. When money is so abundant, and can be had on such moderate terms, people are encouraged to go into enterprises which they would not embark upon if there was any difficulty in obtaining accommodation. The extreme lowness of wages is equally favourable, since it enables manufacturers and merchants to sell at moderate prices, and thus tempt custom, whilst low prices themselves are favourable both to the manufacturer and to the consumer. The great point now, however, is the coming harvest. If the weather continues favourable, and the crops are good, there is every reason to hope that trade will continue to improve and will expand rapidly in the autumn. If, on the other hand, we are to have another bad harvest, the consequences must be serious, and the improvement of trade, if not stopped, must be seriously checked.

The one unfavourable circumstance at present is the poverty of the agricultural classes. Landlords and tenants alike are unable to spend as they used to do, and the small towns throughout the country suffer, therefore, not only from the loss of the custom of their agricultural neighbours, but also from the difficulty these have in paying their debts. A good harvest would put both landlords and tenants in funds, and, what is quite as important, it would give them new hope and new courage. They would feel that the doom of British agriculture had not yet come; that it was worth while to go on struggling against foreign competition; and that, if they were only blessed with a few good years, they would be still able to hold their own, and, perhaps, be as well off as ever they were.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

v.

SUBSEQUENT visits to the exhibition of the Royal Academy do but confirm the impression of disappointment—one may say even of amazement—first aroused by the “tricks and manners” of the Hanging Committee. It is bad enough in ordinary years to have work of the kind that Mr. Frith delights in staring one perforce in the face. This year, not only is this evil intensified to a terrible degree, but, as we have before had occasion to remark, the juxtaposition of the majority of the pictures has the air of being arranged with a view to injuring their effect. Again, it might be said by way of not unpardonable exaggeration, that, while all the least satisfactory pictures of this year may readily be appreciated by a dwarf, many of the most artistic works can only be seen either by a giant or by a person armed with “one of those long sliding opera-glasses that they call tallowscoops.”

In Gallery No. II. re-examination of Signor Gaetano Chierici's “A Frightful State of Things” (71), while it cannot but increase admiration for the perfect humour and originality of the picture, as well as for the care and skill bestowed upon the details, yet reveals one or two trifling shortcomings. For instance, the baby is smaller than the goose, and the fire seems to be in the same plane with the table. In Mr. Long's large picture “Diana or Christ” (97) “the scene is the stadium of Ephesus, with Roman rulers sitting in judgment.” In the foreground a little to the right a maiden is being besought by her lover, who stands immediately behind her, clasping and seeking to guide her hand, to throw upon the altar of Diana the one grain of incense which will set her free. If Mr. Long has failed in rising to the full height of the occasion he has set himself to pourtray, it is in the face of the maiden herself rather than in the faces of the bystanders. These, indeed, are full of finely imagined character and expression. Most of them wear, according to their different temperaments, an aspect conveying some sort of pity for the fate to which the determined and beautiful girl seems doomed. The grim figure of the negro who stands on the spectator's right with his silver ornaments showing against his black skin alone seems unmoved. The work has many high qualities of technique and composition, but perhaps the crowd in the middle distance is a little awkwardly massed. As a complete model in this room of what a portrait should not be, we may point to No. 108, by Mr. Horsley. Returning to Mr. S. E. Waller's capital and spirited “Success” (81), we become impressed with a notion that the carriage which is waiting to carry off the unhappy victor is of gigantic proportions. We have to notice for the first time Mr. J. S. Noble's splendid portrait of a dog, called “In the Lap of Luxury” (77). We may also call attention to Mr. W. J. Hennessey's bright and pleasant Normandy scene (123), to M. Graef's fine portrait of Mrs. Alfred Cook (133), and to three very clever little bits of landscape by Mr. Baker (134-136). It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the merits of Mr. Pettie's “Her Grace” (112), a study in white drapery, which recalls the achievements of the Dutch school.

In Gallery No. III. Mr. Cecil Lawson's really beautiful landscape, “Barden Moors, Yorkshire” (167), the least good part of which is the clouds, is to a certain extent injured in effect by being hung directly over a work by Mr. Ansdell, which is a mass of white mules and goats. It is not easy to imagine why Mr. Poynter should have thought it worth while to paint the picture numbered 198. To hang it was an obvious mistake, and to call it “Helen” was an outrageous absurdity. This, however, may pass unnoticed by many spectators, if one may judge from the authentic story of the visitor who was heard lamenting that a portrait should be indicated only by a Christian name. In No. 208, “Il dolce far niente,” Mr. Yeames has produced a shameless “crib” from Mr. Alma-Tadema, which, however, is singularly ill drawn and ill painted. Mr. H. M. Page shows a good study of flowers and a peacock under the title “Rival Beauties” (212). At Mr. Alma-Tadema's exquisite “Sappho” (269) one could never tire of looking. Mr. Hook's “Diamond Merchants, Cornwall” (258), is an unpleasing work, in which the water wants transparency, and the colour is far from attractive. Mr. John Collier's fine picture “The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson” (260) is a work that grows upon one. “Henry Hudson,” the catalogue says, “the great navigator, made his last voyage to the Polar Seas in 1610. In the summer of 1611 his crew mutinied, and set him adrift in an open boat with his son, John Hudson, and some of the most infirm of the sailors. They were never heard of more.” Mr. Collier shows us in illustration of this the stern half of an open boat, the helm of

which is grasped by Hudson. Resting against his knees is the drooping and half-fainting figure of his son, while in the foreground there lies leaning against the starboard side of the boat one of the infirm sailors above referred to. The background is occupied by part of an iceberg, a stretch of grey water, and a rocky and ice-bound shore. On the spectator's left a floe of drift ice seems to threaten the doomed boat. All these details are worked out with much skill, thought, and mastery; but the dramatic interest centres naturally in the face and figure of Hudson himself, in the treatment of which the painter has in a marked degree combined strength with refinement. The mixture of courage and despair in the face of the old man is very striking. It might be possible to cavil at the air of too great freshness which seems to belong to the very well painted drapery; but it would be absurd to dwell upon such a fault, if fault it is, in a work which is powerful in itself, and which shows a great advance in the painter's command of his art.

From certain qualities found in his portrait of Mr. Matthew Arnold (156), it would seem that Mr. Watts is becoming an impressionist or an independent. Anything like close examination of this work reveals the surprising fact that, if Mr. Watts is right, his sitter's hair is of a deep, striking green colour, which is especially noticeable at the back of the neck, where at one spot green pigment has been laid on with a munificent thickness. It is less astonishing to find blue whites to the eyes, for that what we call the whites of people's eyes are really of a distinct and ethereal blue is clearly, to judge from other pictures, an established belief with Mr. Watts. In the same way a blue shirtcollar may go for comparatively little; but it is rather too bad to find the flesh tints laid on apparently with a palette knife, the result of which method is naturally an almost complete loss of form. Mr. Watts's creed as to green hair seems to be shared by Mr. Walter Horsley, who, in "In Time of Need" (30), in the first gallery, a work by no means without merit, has given distinctly green beards to the men. Mr. Dicksee's "The Symbol" (175), with the motto "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" has, as we have on a former occasion observed, considerable beauty of colouring; but the choice of the subject is perhaps hardly fortunate with regard to the importance aimed at by the work. The mere incident of a mediæval Italian beggar holding up a crucifix to a procession of laughing young men and maidens, who troop gaily by him, is hardly enough to support a picture of the pretensions of Mr. Dicksee's, however clever the execution of the work may be. It is, of course, possible that the painter has intended to charge the picture with a deeper significance than we have been able to detect in it.

In the fourth gallery we have Mr. Andrew Gow's "Montrose at Kilsyth" (311), showing the moment when Montrose "threw off his doublet saying, 'The cowardly rascals durst not face us till they are cased in iron; to show our contempt of them, let us fight them in our shirts';" so by that resolution to strike terror into the enemy, and to let them know they were resolved either to conquer or die." The picture is full of life and animation, and will add to the high repute in which Mr. Gow has been for some time past held. Mr. C. Green's "A Choice Vintage" (327) is a small genre picture possessing a great deal of humour. It would be difficult to praise too highly Mr. Henry Wood's "The Gondolier's Courtship" (334), a picture which grows upon one by repeated inspection. In the fifth gallery we have already expressed our admiration of Mr. Boughton's charming picture of "A Dead City of the Zuyder Zee; the Town of Hoorn, North Holland" (374). In Mr. P. R. Morris's "The Queen's Shilling" (408), the villagers have a disappointingly theatrical air. Next to this hangs a true and careful portrait of Sir Philip Protheroe Smith (409), by Mr. Sydney Hodges; and we may at the same time mention a clever portrait by Mr. C. W. Mitchell of "C. Mitchell, Esq." (423).

The sixth gallery is chiefly remarkable for containing Mr. Brett's splendid work "Golden Prospects" (445). In this Mr. Brett shows us once again the combined charm of atmosphere, space, and sunlight which distinguished his well-known picture of the Channel Islands a few years ago. Miss Clara Montalba's "St. Mark's, Venice; the Piazza Inundated" (453) is perhaps more striking and effective than true to nature. There is a decided charm about Mr. Prinsep's "The Palace on the Lake" (452); and Mr. Koeley Halswelle's "After Rain" (459) is a fine Thames study, unhappily disfigured by impossible clouds. Of some important works in the seventh room we have already spoken; but it is a pleasure to recur to such a picture as Mr. Van Haanen's "Washerwomen, Venice" (589), which is one of the best drawn and best painted pictures that have been seen for a long time.

THE OAKS.

IN former years the day of the Oaks used to be considered the pleasantest of the Epsom week, and much was said and written about its comparative quiet and peacefulness. It is still true that the crowds are far smaller on the Oaks than on the Derby Day; but even on the Oaks day there are swarms of ruffians around the Grand Stand that make an attendance at what has been termed the ladies' race anything but an occasion of repose and tranquillity. The ground on the course itself, and on either side of it, is naturally more covered with orange-peel, corks, straw, and pieces of paper on the last day of the Epsom meeting

than on any other; and even the breezes on the Downs do not seem to dispel the general atmosphere of over-heated humanity, dust, ham sandwiches, and bad tobacco which has made Epsom racecourse horrible for four successive days.

All lovers of racing ought to regret that Lord Falmouth's filly Bal Gal became a roarer. She was certainly the best two-year-old last year, and, if she had remained sound, both the Derby and the Oaks would probably have been at her mercy. After possessing such mares as Jannette and Wheel of Fortune, which won the Oaks in 1878 and 1879, her owner can hardly complain, and Bal Gal herself is not much in his debt, as she won more than 10,000*l.* last year in stakes alone; yet, in looking back on the Oaks of 1881, one cannot but regret that the best filly should have been prevented by infirmity from winning it. It is, however, useless to lament over the inevitable; and, as Bal Gal was proved incapable of winning the Oaks, it became necessary to choose another favourite. There was not much difficulty in doing this. Mr. Crawford's Thebais, a chestnut filly by Hermit out of Devotion, had won ten races out of twelve last year, and her winnings as a two-year-old had exceeded 5,000*l.* She had begun by running a miserable third to Scobell, in a race at Stockbridge last June. Her next performance had been to run nowhere to Bal Gal in the July Stakes at Newmarket. Then she began her winning career in the Ham Stakes at Goodwood; after which she never lost a race during the remainder of the season. Nevertheless, her performances were scarcely so brilliant as might at first sight appear. Three of her ten victories had been walks over, and in three more she had only been opposed by one other horse. In the Ham Stakes the best horse she had beaten had been Amber Witch. In the Triennial Stakes, at Newmarket, she had beaten thirteen opponents, of which Lennoxlove was second and Kuhlborn was third. Lennoxlove had won the Great Yorkshire Foal Stakes in the spring, but he was afterwards beaten very often. In her last race Thebais beat Lennoxlove again. Her only other two-year-old race was the Criterion, and this was really an important affair. She was giving from 1 lb. to 5 lbs. to each of her eight adversaries. She won the race over the severe course with great ease by a length and a half, Savoyard being second and Sir Marmaduke third. This was a good performance, but still it could hardly be said that she had ever beaten any two-year-olds of the first class. This spring she was made first favourite for the One Thousand, and she won the race very cleverly by a neck; but she had to gallop to beat Thora, who had a little the best of it as they came out of the dip. Bal Gal, Angelina, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, Wandering Nun, Lucy Glitters, and other fillies which had shown form last year, were among the defeated. Lucy Glitters had been third in the Middle Park Plate, the Dewhurst Plate, and the Tattersall Sale Stakes at Doncaster. She had also been second in the North of England Biennial at York. In the Dewhurst Plate she had run within a length of Bal Gal. Thora had won the Troy Stakes and the Exeter Stakes, and, like Wandering Nun, she had been one of the five two-year-olds that had come in almost abreast for the Astley Stakes at Lewes. She had run this season in the City and Suburban Stakes, but she was not placed for that race. In our notice of the Derby, we observed that she had been beaten with extraordinary ease by Geologist in the Criterion Nursery; the miserable running of Geologist in the Derby, therefore, seemed to show that Thora must be far below the first class of racehorses. Among the unplaced fillies in the One Thousand was Lord Rosebery's Myra, a chestnut filly by Doncaster out of Czarina. Although she ran badly, it was thought that she would improve considerably by the Oaks Day. Last year she was often beaten, but she won the Rous Plate at Doncaster and the Second Nursery Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting. Another filly that won a couple of races last year, and was beaten in the One Thousand, was Meteora, by Thunderbolt.

A dozen fillies went to the post, and they were soon off. A mare belonging to the same owner as Thebais made the running early in the race. At the mile-post Caper Sauce, the third favourite, took the lead. Half way down the hill Thebais, who had been in a good position throughout the race, drew near the leaders. When they came into the straight Caper Sauce was beaten, and her stable companion, Lucy Glitters, took the lead from her. As they passed the road Lucy Glitters was quite two lengths in front of Thebais, but presently her jockey was hard at work with his whip, and she was evidently tiring. Fordham then brought Thebais forward without any trouble, and, passing Lucy Glitters, won the race by three lengths in a canter. Myra was a very bad third. Whatever may be said against the appearance of the winner of the Derby, there can be little doubt that Thebais is almost, if not quite, as good-looking as any filly that ever won the Oaks. She is rather inbred, as her sire, Hermit, is by Newminster, who was by Touchstone, while her dam was out of Alceste, who was by Touchstone. Yet, if she must needs be inbred, she could scarcely be inbred to a better horse than Touchstone; and, after all, inbreeding often answers well with racehorses.

There was some other racing at Epsom which deserves comment. Only five two-year-olds came out for the Woodcote Stakes. This was a terrible falling-off from the fields for this race in former years. Indeed nineteen years have passed since so few horses went to the post for it. The first favourite won by a neck only. He is a bay colt called Dunmore, by Scottish Chief out of Czarina by King Tom. He won the Mostyn Stakes at the late Chester meeting. Purple and Scarlet, who was second, had also won a race previously. The Epsom Stakes was won by Petronel, the

winner of the Two Thousand Guineas of 1880. The Thursday, which used to be an off day, was enlivened last week by an important new race called the Epsom Grand Prize. This stake consists of 1,000 sovereigns for the winner, and 200 for the breeder of the winner, added to a sweepstakes of 25 sovereigns each, for three-year-olds, the distance being a mile and a quarter. On this occasion the race was worth 4,562*l.* There are certain penalties and allowances. Ishmael and Lord Bradford's colt by Wenlock out of Zephyr, were the first and second favourites. They had each 8 st. 3 lbs. to carry. The third favourite was Scobell, who had run in the Derby on the previous day. This horse was giving each of the two leading favourites a stone. The Zephyr colt made the running, but, as they came to the bottom of the hill, he lost his position. Voluptuary gained the lead as they crossed the road. It may be remembered that this horse led for a few moments in the Derby at much the same part of the race. When they were fairly in the straight Scobell came up, and as they passed the distance he shot forward. Ishmael and Count de Lagrange's Leon made a great rush as they drew near to the winning-post; but Scobell gallantly responded to their challenge, and, holding his own, won, after a good race, by half a length. Ishmael was three-quarters of a length in advance of Leon. This performance of Scobell's, considering his hard race in the Derby of the previous day and his extra weight of 14 lbs., seemed to show that the leading horses in the Derby must, after all, be of a better class than was at first supposed. We must now notice a race which far exceeded the Oaks in interest, and, we might also add, the Derby also. This was the Epsom Gold Cup, which followed the Oaks on Friday afternoon. Only two horses were saddled for this race, but these were Robert the Devil and Bend Or. It is needless that we should recapitulate the famous contests between these two great champions of the racing season of 1880. It will be sufficient to remember that Bend Or beat Robert the Devil by a head for the Derby, and that in each of their three subsequent battles—including the St. Leger—Robert the Devil was victorious. The pair were now to meet for the first time as four-year-olds, at even weights, over the course on which Bend Or had been the winner. Robert the Devil was a decided favourite at 6 to 4, and this state of the betting seemed reasonable enough. There was immense excitement as the two horses came out to take their preliminary canters, and it was generally considered that Bend Or seemed to move better over the hard ground. When they left the starting-post, Bend Or was off a little quicker than the other horse, but Archer kept him back, and Robert the Devil got away three lengths in advance. At the top of the hill Bend Or drew nearer to his opponent, but Cannon sent Robert the Devil on faster, and again led by about three lengths. Coming down the hill Bend Or drew nearer again, and as they came round Tattenham Corner there was only about a length between them. When they entered the straight it became a closer race, but Robert the Devil was still leading. Very near home the favourite still held his advantage, but Cannon had to ride him resolutely, and Bend Or soon closed up with him. Opposite the reserved enclosure Cannon had to raise his whip, and then Archer roused Bend Or, who darted forward very gamely, got on even terms with Robert the Devil, and on the post had his neck in front of his adversary's nose. It is generally believed that Bend Or could have won by a greater distance; but, be that as it may, it was a beautiful race. Upon the whole, the late Epsom meeting was a decided success, and the weather was, if possible, even too fine.

REVIEWS.

ANCIENT BRONZE.*

MR. EVANS'S new work on the bronze implements of our country is marked by the research, carefulness, and moderation of tone to which his other writings have accustomed us. Nothing can be better than the methods and the copious illustrations of his new volume. It is much easier, and more profitable, to give a summary of the results of Mr. Evans's inquiries than to attempt to criticize a work so accomplished. One or two critical remarks, however, we may venture to make on passages where Mr. Evans's studies border on literature or on ethnology. Thus (p. 6) Mr. Evans mentions M. Mariette's opinion that "the early Egyptians never really made use of iron, and he seems to think that from some mythological cause that metal was regarded as the bones of Typho, and was the object of a certain aversion." Now Mr. Evans (p. 8) remarks that in his opinion iron was only called the "bones of Typho in contrast to the bone of Horus"—that is, the loadstone—and it seems difficult to admit any great antiquity for the appellation. This is where we differ from Mr. Evans, and, as the topic is comparatively new, we proceed to give our reasons for thinking "bone of Horus" and "bone of Typho" very old appellations for the metals. If we examine the cosmogonies of savage or of civilized races, we find that the earth, as a rule, is thought to have grown out of some original matter, perhaps an animal, perhaps an egg which floated on the waters, perhaps a

handful of mud. But these conceptions do not exclude the idea that many of the things in the world—minerals, plants, and what not—are fragments of the frame of a semi-supernatural being, belonging to a race which preceded the advent of ordinary men. Such beings were the giant Ymer in Scandinavian mythology.

From Ymer's body
Earth was created:
From his blood the sea,
Plants from his hair;

and so forth. Another example is the giantess Omorca, of Chaldean cosmogony, whom Bel cut in twain, and whose body he fashioned into heaven and earth. In Mangaia, tufa stones are "the bones of Ru," a supernatural early being. Among the Greeks, pomegranates and other fruits were the blood of the dismembered God, Dionysus Zagreus. And, in the opinion of the Red Indians, flints are the scattered bones of a primitive Titanic being, named Chokanipok, who was dismembered by Manabozho. Typho and Horus are conceptions like Ymer, Ru, Chokanipok, Omorca, Dionysus Zagreus, and the rest. As this sort of myth among civilized races is manifestly an inheritance from savagery, it seems to follow that the name "bone of Typho" for iron is really very ancient and derived from a very early stage of thought. As to iron among the undivided Aryans, Mr. Evans observes that in 1864 Mr. Max Müller thought that it was probably unknown. But in his *Selected Essays* (i. 348) Mr. Müller says "there can be no doubt that iron was known and its value appreciated." In a note, however, he expresses a doubt as to whether we can say more than that the Aryans had a metal which was neither gold nor silver. The question is interesting, because it appears from Mr. Evans's book that, if the ancestors of the early Celts knew the use of iron, their descendants lost the knowledge on the way to Britain.

Mr. Evans's general views as to the date of what is called the Bronze Age in Britain may be briefly stated before we go on to examine the process by which the various weapons were evolved. He thinks, "with all reserve," that the age in which bronze had, for most purposes, superseded stone, and had not yet given way to iron, lasted for eight hundred or for a thousand years. Iron probably came into use in the southern parts of Britain not later than the fourth or fifth century B.C., and by the second or third century B.C. the employment of bronze for cutting instruments had practically ceased. Thus the Bronze Period in Britain may have begun about 1400 B.C. The probability is that bronze was introduced by a hostile conquering people, bigger and larger of bone than the stone-using people whose remains are found with flint knives, arrow-heads, and axes in the barrows. But this invasion must have been even earlier than 1400 B.C., if we hold with Sir John Lubbock that the Phœnicians dealt with British miners between 1500 B.C. and 1200 B.C. For it is excessively unlikely that the Phœnicians discovered our tin mines; and if the natives of our islands were the discoverers, the odds are that they used the tin for mixing with the copper of the same regions in the manufacture of bronze.

Without pausing over Mr. Evans's confutation of Mr. Gladstone's theory of iron in heroic Greece (and for our own part we believe that it was still more common than Mr. Evans supposes), we go on to examine the probable evolution of various forms of "celts," or bronze tomahawks. In the evolution of objects of human manufacture it is the rule that when a new material for an old article is introduced, the shape of the article continues much what it used to be, while its less necessary parts generally degenerate into mere ornament. The ornaments of Lycian stone tombs, for example, are the survivals of necessary parts of the wooden structures which were common before stone was applied to the purpose. In very much the same way the characteristics of the celt, or bronze axe, were probably evolved. The old stone axe had been a thin, flat blade, probably stuck into the cleft of a stick, and fastened there with string or the sinews of animals. When bronze began to be used, the bronze tomahawk heads imitated the shape of the old flat stone heads. Mr. Evans gives a figure of a very old flat bronze or copper celt from Cyprus. Another comes from Butterwick, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The handle of this tomahawk "could be plainly traced by means of a dark line of decayed wood." When these flat celts are ornamented, it is by means of rather savage patterns, like those on Australian shields, indented with punches. The next stage in the evolution of the tomahawk head is where the sides have been hammered in, so as to make "flanges," which curve over the narrower part of the blade. The flat blades, we presume, were hafted, like the old stone blades, by being driven into a cleft stick. But the curved flanges gradually became a kind of socket, which would hold the handle of a haft shaped like a common walking-stick or umbrella-handle. If one wanted to haft a flanged celt, one would split the crook of a walking-stick, push the celt between, so that the flanges overlapped the wood on each side, and then bind all round with cords or sinews of animals. A "stop-ridge" of metal, half way down, prevented the tomahawk head from being driven too far into the stick-handle. The next step was to hammer the flanges down till they almost met each other, thus making two rude sockets for the stick. The next improvement was to make a regular sunk socket, like that in the head of a modern arrow, and into this socket the handle of the walking-stick was thrust. Yet the flanges did not disappear, though they had become useless. They remained in the shape of ornament, as in figure 110 (p. 109). The little loop at the side

* *The Ancient Bronze Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain and Ireland.* By John Evans, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

of the socket was probably intended to hold the string which was used in fastening the tomahawk head to its stick. Ornaments in relief now came in, and superseded the old punched chevron patterns. Mr. Evans remarks:—

As an illustration of the view that similar wants, with similar means at command with which to supply them, lead to the production of similar forms of tools and weapons in countries widely remote from each other, I may mention a socketed celt (10½ inches) found in an ancient grave near Copiapo, Chili. In general form it is almost identical with some of the Italian bronze celts, but it is of copper, and not bronze, and it is not cast, but wrought with the hammer. The socket has, therefore, been formed in the same manner as those of the early iron celts from Hallstatt, with which it closely corresponds in outline. The surface, however, has been ornamented by engraving, and among the patterns we find bands of chevrons, alternately plain and hatched, closely allied to the common ornament of the European Bronze Age. What is, perhaps, more striking still, is that the Greek fret also occurs as an ornament on the faces.

Man, in short, does pretty much the same things, uses the same patterns, tells the same myths, and practises the same queer customs all over the world in his savage and barbarous periods.

Our own axes, as every one knows, are hafted on a very different principle from the old tomahawks, that needed what the Scotch call "a nibby stick." Perhaps the first step to a socket driven through at right angles to the blade is to be found in a very queer celt in Mr. Evans's collection, which was found at Raron, in the Valais. It is, in form, like the crooked bone handle of an umbrella removed from the stick, with its silver socket attached.

The reason why it should have been cast in this manner is probably to be found in the fact that boughs of trees, with a smaller branch at right angles to them, are not easily met with, though such boughs are best adapted for conversion into the helvies of this kind of hatchet. Some ingenious bronze founder of old times conceived the idea of producing a hatchet which did not require a crooked helve, but for hafting which any ordinary straight stick would serve, and we have here his new form of axe-head.

If he had driven his socket through, and shortened his blade, he would have produced something like the modern axe. Metal was perhaps too expensive for this system of axe-making to become fashionable. Among other reasons which prevented the introduction of the modern axe-head, Mr. Evans gives these:—

When first bronze came into use it must have been extremely scarce and valuable; and to cast an axe-head in bronze, like one of the perforated axe-hammers of stone, would have required not only a considerably greater amount of the then precious metal than was required for a flat hatchet-head, but would also have involved a far higher skill in the art of casting. Moreover, the flat form of these simple blades rendered them well adapted for being readily drawn out to a sharp cutting edge, and when once they had come into general use they would not have been readily superseded by those of another form, hafted in a different method, even were that method more simple. If the bronze celts were mainly in use for peaceful industries, while the warlike battle-axes were made of stone, the progressive modifications in the shape of the former would be less likely to be affected by the characteristics of the latter. It must also be remembered that in France, which then as now set the fashion to Britain, perforated axe-heads of stone were very seldom used, and those of bronze were in the north of the country unknown.

But we cannot hold with Mr. Evans (p. 161) that the feat of shooting an arrow "through the iron" of several axes set up in a row proves the modern perforated socket to have existed in Homeric Greece. This is the view which Mr. Merry took in his *Odyssey* (the smaller edition, vol. ii.). It is hard to see how a standing or a seated archer could shoot so low as this theory requires. Goebel, on the other hand, thinks Odysseus shot through the sort of ring formed by the meeting of the two blades of the double-headed axe. But we are aware of no such axes in early Greek remains, those from Mycenæ being hammer-headed. In a metope at Selinus, one of the figures uses an axe, somewhat of the Lochaber pattern, through a wide opening in the head of which it would be easy to shoot (Benndorf's *Metopen von Selinunt*, pl. 7). And on the whole we think that an axe somewhat of this shape must have been in the mind of Homer when he described the feat of Odysseus.

Though we have been tempted to linger over the axe-heads, Mr. Evans's remarks on and designs of bronze daggers, razors (very queer pieces), torques, ear-rings, and swords are not less interesting than his chapters on celts. His Irish bronze fish-hook (p. 192), although he does not remark on the coincidence, is of the "Limerick bend," still used in Ireland. We do hope that no jeweller will imitate the taste of the Bronze Age in coal-scuttle ear-rings (p. 392), which are exquisitely ugly. Torques and bracelets in better taste, for example the bracelet in figure 485, have already been imitated in gold.

THE METROPOLITAN AREA.*

IN the reign of Henry VIII. an Act of Parliament made Westminster a City. In the reign of Queen Victoria an Act of Parliament has made the said City and certain other districts surrounding London into the "Metropolitan Area." We have, therefore, the highest possible authority for calling by an epithet which is very like the one appropriate to "Metropolitica" Canterbury the ring of suburbs which is without the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. The anomalies of London nomenclature cannot be better illustrated than by this example. Indeed, at a recent banquet given by the Chairman of the "Metro-

politan" governing body, the word "metropolis" was more than once used by the speechmakers in contradistinction to the word "London." A loose and incorrect use of names and epithets will perhaps last as long as men themselves; but the confusion here indicated is such that no plain statement of the facts will quite unravel it. The City, or "shire" of London, on the confines of the shires of Middlesex and Essex, is situated about sixty miles from the metropolis, which is a city in Kent. It is not necessary, except in children's books of geography, to assign a "capital" to every county; but perhaps we may say that Brentford is the capital of Middlesex because the elections come off there, Colchester of Essex, and Maidstone of Kent on account of the assizes. This is not strictly correct, as it is not possible in England to use the word capital as the Americans use it when they appoint a certain town, city, or village, not necessarily the largest, to be capital of a State. We have no such capitals; and some may consider Clerkenwell rather than Brentford the capital of Middlesex, and Canterbury rather than Maidstone of Kent. But about the metropolis there can be and is no such difficulty; and few people can hesitate about calling London the capital of England and Canterbury its metropolis. Yet it would be more correct to say that Westminster is the capital of England; and as to the word metropolis, we have Parliamentary authority for applying it to the suburbs of London and certain villages and districts in Middlesex and the adjoining counties. At Westminster are the Houses of Parliament, the law courts, and the royal palaces, for Kensington, Buckingham, St. James's, Whitehall, are all within the precincts of St. Margaret's. The new Law Courts will equally be in Westminster, though portions of the east wing are within the city boundaries.

The use of the word "metropolis" as applied to London is of some antiquity. In De Laune's *Present State of London*, published after the Great Fire, though the author himself does not use the term, an admirer who sends him an "Acrostick" does not hesitate to turn a rhyme with it; but the character of his authority may be judged by the opening triplet of the poem:—

This is the City which the Papal Crew
Have by their Damn'd Devices overthrew,
Erected on her old Foundations, New.

When the Board of Works was formed in 1855, under Sir Benjamin Hall's Act, the word was boldly assumed; and the Board is appointed "for the purpose of diverting the sewage of the metropolis." Thenceforth this, so to speak, diverting use of the word has been usual; and the Board now deals with the whole Hundred of Ossulston, the Hundred of Isleworth, certain districts on the southern side of the Thames in the counties of Kent and Surrey, and part of Essex. This constitutes the "Metropolitan Area"; but London, which probably the framers of the Act contemplated under the name of the metropolis, is itself manifestly excepted.

The immense size of this area is denoted by some of the figures mentioned in the annual Report of the Board. The rateable value is twenty-four millions and a half sterling; the money spent during a year is two and a half millions. Baedeker's *Handbook*, of which a new edition, the third, is before us, enumerates, besides the nine Parliamentary boroughs, each sending two members to the House of Commons, no fewer than sixty distinct "villages" which have in course of time become constituent parts of London. The area is occupied by several thousand streets, "which, if laid end to end, would form a line 2,600 miles long." There are more than half a million different buildings and eleven hundred churches. Within the police district the population is fully four millions. "There are in London more Scotchmen than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, more Jews than in Palestine, and more Roman Catholics than in Rome." Compared with the Metropolitan Area, even New York and Paris, the two cities of the world which come nearest to it, are so far behind that both put together would only equal it. The six towns of Great Britain which come nearest to it are Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester with Salford, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield; but the population of all put together does not equal that of the Metropolitan Area, even if the City of London be taken out. In his speech at the recent dinner given by Sir James Hogg, the Duke of Connaught mentioned that since it came into being the Board has made 65 miles of main sewers, besides making or renewing 165 miles of smaller drains. The immense cost of works in the Area, the gigantic scale on which everything has to be done, may be gathered from some of the figures given in the annual Reports. The Embankments cost three millions of money. The Fire Brigade numbers more than five hundred men; and there were more than one thousand eight hundred fires last year. About quarter of a million has been paid for freeing bridges in the same time; and nearly 40,000 for property through which new streets are to pass. No fewer than one hundred Acts of Parliament referring to the work of the Board have been passed in the twenty-six years of its existence. The main drainage system cost four and a half millions, and Baedeker's *Guide* thus sums up a few of the statistics:—"There are annually consumed about 2,000,000 quarters of wheat, 400,000 oxen, 1,500,000 sheep, 130,000 calves, 250,000 swine, 8 million head of poultry and game, 400 million pounds of fish, 500 million oysters, 1,200,000 lobsters, and 3,000,000 salmon. The butcher's meat alone is valued at 50,000,000."

The most extraordinary thing about this enormous and practically anonymous "Area" is the looseness of its governing system. It has no governing system, in fact. Every parochial vestry does what seems right to itself. The Board of Works is not a govern-

* Baedeker's *London and its Environs*. Third Edition, revised. London: Dulau. 1881.

ing body, and has really been called into existence by a kind of accident. The neighbouring City of London is admirably organized, and might be an example in this respect to the Area. If its night population goes on decreasing at the present rate there will some day be more common councillors, aldermen, and sheriffs than sleepers. The City sleeping population, which eighty years ago was more than one hundred and fifty thousand, has dwindled to one-third of that number. On the other hand, the suburbs, if the recent census returns are correctly reported, have increased in population by more than half a million of souls—not in eighty years, but in ten. The question is constantly cropping up in Parliament and out of Parliament, Are we to let this immense population govern itself as heretofore, in the old hole-and-corner or parochial way, or is it to be organized, superintended by a governing body, and, in a sense, consolidated? If this question is answered in the affirmative, then comes the further question as to the kind of government—Is it to be a Corporation or a Board? Is it to be a kind of magnified vestry, a vestry of vestries, or is the old City organisation to be extended so as to take in the suburbs? This was the old course of action. When Fleet Street was built the City formed the new ward still called Farringdon Without. This is only one of several examples. The Abbot of Westminster stopped the way westward. His rights, which formerly extended to the wall, were infringed. The Abbot's successors, the Dean and Chapter, still present to St. Bride's, which at some remote period must have been a chapel, or, as we should say, a district church, in the vast parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster. A writer in a new magazine, *Our Times*, has stated the question very carefully in two successive chapters. The writer is one of those people who regard civic hospitality with something like indignation, and may be supposed to think that the army of cooks, waiters, purveyors, and wine merchants who are benefited by a banquet in the Mansion House should not be allowed to live. Political economists generally run away with some part or other of their subject, but on the whole the writer states his views with moderation. He has, however, no mercy on the Corporation, and would even deny them the merit of having purchased and preserved Epping Forest and Burnham Beeches. The spirit which animated the City was not, he asserts, love for "the people of the metropolis, but antagonism to the Metropolitan Board." To prove this he tells the story of the grain dues. The City claimed a right to certain metage duty on grain coming into the Port of London. This was resisted by a well-known brewing firm. "At a point in the litigation, the charter granting this tax was ordered to be produced." The City, however, "preferred not to produce its charter." So says the writer; and he goes on to tell us, somewhat obscurely, that "the suit died out." Now, if he had turned to Norton, or any other writer on the subject of London law, he would have found that the metage of grain was a very ancient and unquestionable right of the City. His subsequent remarks, in which he describes the Corporation as introducing a Bill to revive this right, and proposing to devote the proceeds to the purchase of the open spaces alluded to, though verbally true, convey a false impression. We are not particularly concerned for the City; but even Corporations are entitled to fair play. The writer from whom we have quoted complains rather that the powers of the Board are too circumscribed than that they are too extensive. When it essayed to deal with the water supply, the official auditor disallowed the expenditure, which had amounted to 16,000*l.*, "and a special Act of Parliament had then to be passed to enable it to pay the same out of the rates." All its costs and charges before Committees of the House of Commons on railways, gas, and other suchlike matters are "illegal, and could be objected to by any ratepayer. Such," continues the writer, "is the discreditable government of the Metropolis of the Empire." To many people this remark will appear a *non-sequitur*. It is nothing discreditable that government is carried on by a system which gives every taxpayer a control of the expenditure. On the contrary, such a government system is strictly in accordance with one's ideas of the principles of the British Constitution. It still remains to be proved that the "Metropolis of the Empire" would be cleaner, richer, healthier, more moral under any other system.

AYALA'S ANGEL.*

THE least attractive part of Mr. Trollope's latest novel is the name, which is likewise misleading. Imagination suggested an Oriental romance, although that seemed scarcely in harmony with the special genius of the writer. In reality, Mr. Trollope remains on the familiar ground, presenting us again in the course of the story to more than one of our old acquaintances. Ayala Dormer is a genuinely English girl, whose father being an eccentric artist, with an admiration for the fanciful and gorgeous, had simply carried to a somewhat extravagant length the fashion of christening children by fancy names. It seems besides to have been but a passing caprice, for Ayala had a sister older than herself, who bears the sweeter and more homely name of Lucy. The names, we may assume, to be expressive of their dispositions. Lucy is pretty, graceful, and unassuming, with good sense that is slightly leavened by romance, and no small share of quiet resolution. Ayala is as pretty, or perhaps more so, looks being a

question of taste; but her beauty is in a different style. She is bright and piquante; she is outspoken and waywardly impulsive; she loves admiration, of course, though fastidiously as to the gentlemen who offer it; while as for romance, in place of being merely tinged by it, it appears to be the very essence of her nature. At all events, it forms the motive of the behaviour on which the interest of the novel mainly turns; prompting her consciously to the acts of suicidal folly which well-nigh make shipwreck of her happiness and life. Ayala's Angel is an imaginary "angel of light," of whom we hear more than enough, *à propos* to her maiden meditations, though that resplendent figure of her lively fancy plays an important part in Mr. Trollope's plot. She has set up an image in the inner sanctuary of her heart, attributing to it every masculine fascination, moral or physical. When she meets in the actual world the counterpart of the cherished idol, then she will marry, but not before. As may be supposed, should Ayala prove constant to her purpose, there is every prospect of her dying unmarried, however her days may be prolonged. Of three gentlemen who tender her their hands and fortunes, two have as little of the popular conception of an angel in them as can well be conceived. Both are thoroughly prosaic, and one is objectionably vulgar. As for the third, there are glimmerings of doubt, when Ayala takes time for consideration and self-examination. Colonel Stubbs lives in the best society; he is brilliantly popular; he is clever, and a distinguished soldier to boot; and Ayala, who heartily likes him from the first, is persuaded that he fully deserves his popularity. His frank manner is irresistibly winning; what would be impertinence, or at least over-assurance, in another man, seems in him nothing more than natural *bonhomie*, and on the very shortest acquaintance she comes to treat and trust him as a brother. When Colonel Stubbs proposes to the penniless orphan, there is not a lady or lady's maid under the aristocratic roof-tree of Stalham who does not consider her a most fortunate girl. Ayala must certainly have come to the same conclusion had it not been for the absurdly romantic turn of her mind. As it is, although she likes and even looks up to Colonel Stubbs, his first proposal appears preposterous, if not positively sacrilegious. It is impossible that any angel of light should appear to her bearing the Christian name of Jonathan and the surname of Stubbs. It is still more out of character that he should have fiery red hair, with a mouth that, although good-natured and intelligent, absolutely stretches from ear to ear. So, yielding to an impulse she cannot resist, she dismisses him with the negative the Fates have dictated. Colonel Jonathan Stubbs goes away sorrowful, but not altogether cast down. Fortunately for Ayala, he has set his heart on having her for his wife, and so long as she shows him sisterly regard, he is not a man to be easily discouraged. As for her, after each successive rejection of his suit she regrets with ever-aggravated intensity the answer that has escaped her. Her wayward persistency in playing fast and loose with her own future is at once perverse, provoking, and improbable. Although romantic, Ayala was no fool; and she was just the girl to be influenced by the opinions of the ladies of greater experience and higher position who had graciously taken her by the hand. She had every motive to make a suitable marriage which could sway a young woman of her pleasure-loving temperament; for wedlock offered her an escape from the dulllest of homes, in which she lives secluded from the society she delights in. But the fact of her conduct being inexplicably irritating gives the story an interest which it would not otherwise possess. We feel fully assured from the first that Colonel Stubbs will be successful in the end. But the girl's eccentric behaviour is very naturally a puzzle to the many people who have interested themselves in the Colonel's love affair; and Mr. Trollope ingeniously exercises their minds in speculating on her feelings and the explanation of her caprices.

Ayala is pretty and fascinating, no doubt; she tempts her suitor on by the unpleasant surprises she prepares for him when he believes himself tolerably sure of a gracious reception. But we agree with the Colonel's good friend and cousin Lady Albury, that Miss Dormer hardly deserves the trouble she causes him. She is no Lily Dale or Grace Crawley. So far as we can see, there is little in her. She has perversity and fits of obstinacy, but no real decision of character; while the Colonel is perhaps as masterly a male character as Mr. Trollope has drawn in any recent book. He is the sort of good fellow who seems to be born to go through the world with the regard of all whose regard is worth having. Like Thackeray's Dobbin in *Vanities Fair*, he gradually impresses you with a sense of his power as well as of his sterling worth. You feel that his judgment is to be relied upon; that he may invariably be trusted to say or do the right thing; and that there is no one you would sooner consult on delicate matters or in a difficulty. The men seem hardly to grudge him the golden opinions he wins from the women. He is far plainer than Dobbin; but, unlike Dobbin, he is in no way awkward. On the contrary, he is a ready man of the world, who knows well how to make the most of himself, and who finds his advantage in the knowledge. And the masculine side of his character, as the story goes on, is thrown out into stronger and stronger relief, more especially in his dealings with Tom Tringle, one of his rivals. Tom, although the heir to untold thousands, and although he ought to have benefited by not only a good, but a fashionable, education, is represented as a lout offensively given to gorgeous dress. Thanks to his awkward shyness and his superb costumes, he is snubbed mercilessly by many people as well as by his cousin

* *Ayala's Angel*. By Anthony Trollope. Author of "Dr. Thorne," &c. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

Ayala, who will have nothing to say to his repeated offers. As it happens, he once did the Colonel some little kindness in a foreign hunting-field, and the Colonel is grateful. Though by no means blind to the youth's very conspicuous foibles, he stands up for Tom, whom he maintains to be an excellent fellow. He is persuaded that Tom is by no means the fool he looks, and that he has the makings of a gentleman in him, notwithstanding superficial vulgarities. So, popular as he is, he goes out of his way to win the young man by little civilities. He invites him to his quarters at Aldershot, and Tom is proportionately flattered. If the Colonel has any object beyond his constitutional good nature, it is to influence Tom into doing himself more justice. So strong is the influence that Tom turns to the Colonel, though that gallant officer is but a slight acquaintance, for counsel as to the prosecution of his suit. Of course, in the circumstances, he could hardly have fallen on a more inappropriate adviser; and it costs this other lover of Ayala a considerable effort to carry on the conversation without betraying himself. Tom, who is very much in love, very miserable, very angry, and very unreasonable, chooses afterwards to resent the Colonel's having accepted his confidence without giving his own in the way of reciprocity. Under the united inspiration of love and liquor, he goes so far as to assault his false friend in the street. Fortunately the Colonel's credit for courage stands so high that he can afford to accept the insult passively. The surrounding crowd passes unflattering comments on his inaction; but the nobility in Tom's nature is touched. He is absolutely disarmed by a man of Stubbs's high spirit returning good for evil, and trying to screen him from the consequences of his folly; although at the same time he feels even more aggrieved than before at being robbed of the possibility of revenging his wrongs. It is true that the Colonel, although he had acted on high principle or generous impulse, is no loser in the end. The story gets wind, and comes round to Ayala's ears, and with that romantic young woman it goes a long way, as we should have supposed, towards investing him with the spirituality of her "Angel of Light."

But besides Colonel Stubbs there are sundry other people, in a novel almost overcrowded with characters, who merit something more than a passing notice. Sir Thomas Tringle, the father of our young friend "Tom," is as graphically conceived as he is true to probabilities. No doubt he is a Philistine of the Philistines, who delights in money-getting and the consequence it gives him, and who seeks relief from domestic worries in manipulating millions in the City. But, according to his lights, though his ideas are limited, and although he loves his own way almost to the point of piqueheadedness, he is a singularly large-hearted and generous man. With some reason, he considers money a specific for most human sorrows, and he benevolently deals wholesale in heavy cheques. In the hospitality he exercises as head of his lavish household he is the financial counterpart of the clerical Archdeacon Grantley. And there is considerable humour in his transactions with his son-in-law and his intending sons-in-law, as with his relations to his unmarried daughter and nieces and their lovers. We understand how he grows gradually to detest his son-in-law the Hon. Mr. Traffick, although originally proud of the connexion with that nobly born hero of red tape. Knowing Traffick to be almost penniless, he gladly gave his daughter a portion of 120,000*l.* But the meanness of Mr. Traffick, who insists on spurning on him after marriage, in place of setting up an establishment of his own, is altogether antipathetical to the free-handed City gentleman. On the other hand, he is almost gained over by Frank Houston, although at the first he had set his face as a flint against that gentleman's addresses to his younger daughter, apparently because Houston, with somewhat ambiguous manliness, maintains independence of language in an embarrassing position, and more than insinuates that he regards marriage with Miss Gertrude simply as an easy and creditable profession. Ayala's sister, Lucy, is comparatively dull, although we do not question that she will make a wife who will wear well. Among the many ladies who play subordinate parts, we think we like Lady Albury best, whose platonic affection for her cousin Jonathan might easily have been changed into something warmer, had the Colonel been heart-free and she unfettered. We shall only add that, in our opinion, Mr. Trollope has never showed to more advantage than in those dialogues which he generally succeeds in making extraordinarily life-like.

GORDON'S CENTRAL AFRICA.*

WHEN Colonel Gordon, after a brilliant career of victory in China, where he crushed a rebellion that was desolating the fairest provinces of the Celestial Empire, transferred his services to the Egyptian Government, it seemed as though a decisive blow was at length about to be struck at the iniquities of the slave trade in Africa. Had it been possible for a single individual to suppress this inhuman and debasing traffic, Gordon Pasha was the man. The province which he undertook to organize was scarcely within the pale of even the civilization of the East; for years it had been in the hands of adventurers, who had thought of nothing but their own profit and aggrandizement, and had traded in ivory and slaves, regulating their

commerce, if such it could be called, by armed force. The Governor of the Soudan had nominal control over these "filibusters," but his authority had never made itself really felt; the Khedive, therefore, resolved to form the district in which their operations were carried on into a separate government, and to monopolize the trade of Equatorial Africa, with a view to ultimately throwing it open to the world. The lesson was to be plainly taught "that mere difference in colour does not turn men into wares, and that life and liberty are sacred things." The native tribes also were themselves to be coerced or conciliated, and the practice of the wholesale capture of prisoners sternly repressed, lest, if he did succeed in putting a stop to the slave trade, these unfortunate creatures should be slaughtered for want of a market. The story of Colonel Gordon's loyal attempt to carry out this programme in the face of unheard of difficulties on the spot, and less than half-hearted support from the slave-holding Government at headquarters, is told in the volume before us, in his own words, ably and judiciously edited by Dr. Hill. Egyptian conquest in Africa is essentially a thing of recent date, for although her fortified outposts are now found between the Albert and Victoria Nyanza Lakes, the empire of the Pharaohs scarcely reached to Khartoum. By the subjugation of Darfour, however, the Egyptian frontier now comes within less than fifteen days' march of Lake Tchad, while in the east lands have been annexed which are washed by the lower part of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden. Traders, Europeans amongst the number, had penetrated into Equatorial Africa, but the ivory was found a less profitable source of merchandize than human goods and chattels, and the vast district became the hunting-ground for them.

The suffering and devastation created by the slave-traders, and the atrocities they committed, are almost beyond belief; within twenty years the eastern shore of the Victoria Nile has degenerated into a mere forest waste, the population has been diminished by at least two-thirds, and all traces of progress have been obliterated. The Egyptian officials, themselves inveterate slave-dealers, encouraged and participated in these horrors, and the Khedive, when he was at last induced to move in the matter, did so from no sympathy with the cause of humanity, but only through dread of the too numerous bands of slavers developing into a rival Power. One of these men was possessed of almost fabulous wealth, lived in a style of regal barbarity, and owned no less than thirty fortified stations carried into the very heart of Africa, where the slave-trader exercised absolutely despotic rule. An insufficiently equipped expedition against this person was defeated, and the Khedive, being powerless to avenge the disgrace, the trader, Sebehr Rahama by name, reigned as little less than an independent sovereign and threatened the annexation of the entire Soudan. But for these pretensions we should probably have heard but little of Ismail Pasha's desire for the suppression of the slave-trade, and there is no doubt but that Colonel Gordon was sent more in the interests of the Viceroy's supremacy than in that of humanity. Sebehr, unluckily for himself, but fortunately for the country, went to Cairo to assert his claim to the title of Governor-General, and was there detained; but his son broke out into a formidable revolt, the history of the repression of which forms one of the most interesting chapters in the book. For the first three years, however, Colonel Gordon did not come into collision with this ruffian, though the other slave-dealers gave him plenty of occupation. In his most arduous task he received no support whatever from any officer of the Egyptian Government. "The Khedive," he writes, "gave me a firman [a decree] as Governor-General of the Equator, and left me to work out the rest." By the year 1876 "things were generally consolidated," but his advance to Lake Victoria was met with determined opposition from the native chiefs, and Colonel Gordon returned "with the sad conviction that no good could be done in those parts, and that it would have been better had no expedition ever been sent." Indeed, from the beginning he seems to have despaired, as well he might, of the success of anything that depended upon the good faith of the Cairo "ring," for on the very first page occur the ominous words, "I think I can see the true motive now of the expedition, and believe it to be a sham to catch the attention of the English people."

The slave-traders of course were in accord with the local authorities, and thought to find an easy dupe in the Frank Governor-General, but soon found themselves mistaken. Some letters addressed to the Mudir, or District-Governor of Fashoda, were accidentally intercepted, and one of them said—

"I am on my way to you with the 2000 cows I promised you. . . . and with all to satisfy your wants." These cows they had taken from the tribes around them—a robbery; and "all" means a number of slaves. The other letters were to different people, saying, "I bring you the negroes you asked for, who, I hope, will please you," and others to the same effect. Now these slaves do not know that I am on the way to the Mudir of Fashoda, and that I am prepared to seize them all. I shall confiscate the 2,000 cows, for I cannot give them back to the far-away tribes from whom they were stolen. I shall seize the slaves, and take them back to their homes, if I can; and I shall punish the slave-dealers. The road by which this convoy comes crosses my present camp here.

On another occasion he boarded two boats and found 105 slaves stowed away under some wood; this cargo, together with 2,000*l.* worth of ivory, was promptly confiscated. Here is another instance of the spoundrelism with which Colonel Gordon had to contend, and of the manner in which he met it:—

Wal el Mek had some difficulty in getting porters from a sheikh to carry some ivory. He was drunk, and at once ordered the man to be hanged, which he was. I need not say that it is more than probable that Wal el Mek will be hanged also.

* *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa, 1874-1879, from Original Letters and Documents.* Edited by G. B. Hill, D.C.L. London: T. De La Rue & Co. 1881.

Colonel Gordon was only twenty-one days on the way from Khartoum to Gondokoro, Sir Samuel Baker, his predecessor, having taken over eighteen months to accomplish the same distance. The reason for this was that the latter was detained by the *sudd*, which had fortunately opened on the arrival of the new Governor of the Equator. What this is the reader can best judge from Gordon Pasha's own words:—

I have made inquiries, and find that Baker cut through some eighty miles of the "sudd" or vegetable barrier; the other day my steamer found this quite closed up. . . . A curious little cabbage-like aquatic plant comes floating down, having a little root ready to attach itself to anything; he meets a friend and they go together, and soon join roots and so on. When they get to a lake the current is less strong, and so, no longer constrained to move on, they go off to the sides; others do the same, idle and loitering, like everything up here. After a time, winds drive a whole fleet of them against the narrow outlet of the lake and stop it up. Then no more passenger plants can pass through the outlet, while plenty come in at the upper end of the lake; these eventually fill up all the passage which may have been made. Supposing I cut through the vegetation, I may have it closed any day by a wind blowing a flood of these weeds from one side of the lake to the other; so that the only way would be to clear out the lake of vegetation altogether, or to anchor the banks of "sudd" so as to prevent the winds blowing them together. Below Gondokoro it spreads out into lakes; on the edge of these lakes an aquatic plant, with roots extending five feet into the water, flourishes. The natives burn the top parts, when dry; the ashes form mould, and fresh grasses grow, till it becomes like *terra firma*. The Nile rises, and floats out the masses; they come down to a curve, and there stop. More of these islands float down, and at last the river is blocked. Though under them the water flows, no communication can take place, for they bridge the river for several miles. Last year the Governor went up, and with three companies and two steamers he cut large blocks of the vegetation away. At last, one night the water burst the remaining part, and swept down on the vessels, dragged the steamers down some four miles, and cleared the passage. The Governor says the scene was terrible. The hippopotamuses were carried down, screaming and snorting; crocodiles were whirled round and round, and the river was covered with dead and dying hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and fish who had been crushed by the mass. One hippopotamus was carried against the bows of the steamer, and killed; one crocodile, thirty-five feet long, was also killed. The Governor, who was in the marsh, had to go five miles on a raft to get to his steamer.

Colonel Gordon's list of the losses was a sad one, and of several Europeans who formed part of the expedition scarcely one survived. He is of opinion that no man under forty years of age should venture into these inhospitable regions, and then only those who are accustomed to a similar climate. His own strong physique was only equalled by his determined will; these qualities added to a simple, pious nature, and an almost Quixotic chivalry, enabled him to accomplish marvels during his comparatively short term of government, and only make us regret the more the ultimate failure of his efforts to permanently improve the country.

Towards the latter end of 1876 he came back to Cairo. He had successfully put down slave-driving in his own province, but his efforts were made unavailing by the intrigues of Ismail Pasha Yacoub, Governor-General of the extensive Soudan district, the capital of which, Khartoum, is the head-quarters of the system. This man was at length deposed, and Colonel Gordon consented to return on having the government of the Soudan added to his own. On his way he visited Abyssinia, to arrange matters with Johannis, who having, after the death of Theodore, beaten most of his rivals and caused himself to be acknowledged king, had been giving the Government of the Khedive great trouble. The new potentate had sent an envoy to Cairo, complaining of the inroads that Waleed el Michael, his most formidable opponent, had made into his country from Egyptian territory. The ambassador was for some time detained prisoner and at last permitted to depart with presents, but without any letter; so that Colonel Gordon on his arrival found the King in the worst possible humour for listening to his mission. How he accomplished this mission, and patched up a peace between the two countries, is now historical; but the personal narrative of the events connected with the task is very interesting.

Ultimately the indefatigable Governor did succeed in crushing the slave-trade, by issuing a proclamation that "All persons residing in Darfour must have a *permis de séjour*; all persons travelling to and from Darfour must have passports for themselves and suite"; and, as Darfour surrounds the Soudan, and all slaves must pass through it before coming into the latter province, this plan had the desired effect. But the cure was not likely to be permanent; and no sooner was his strong hand withdrawn than the slave-trade was again rife in Equatorial Africa, and affording the officials a welcome method of adding to the large incomes which their peculations already brought them. Mohammedan society is essentially a slaveholding one; the institution is sanctioned by the Kor'an and by immemorial tradition, and it is absolutely hopeless to expect Moslems to condemn it seriously, however much they may yield outwardly from political reasons to the opinion of Europe. As a rule, Mohammedans are very kind and considerate to their slaves, although of course individual arbitrary acts of cruelty do sometimes occur; and the position of a slave implies no such degradation as it does in the West. Many slaves, indeed, have risen, and still rise, to posts of great power and importance. The real horrors are felt in Africa itself, whence the supply is obtained, where the slave-hunters commit such terrible crimes, and the native tribes are deadened by the baneful influences of the traffic to all sense of humanity and natural affection. Another curse of the system, for which Mohammedan polygamy is alone to blame, is the employment of eunuchs as the necessary adjuncts to the harem. Of the establishments from which these are supplied we must say nothing more

than that they exist under Egyptian Government patronage, within a comparatively short distance of the capital, and that a loss of ninety per cent. of human life is incurred in providing them. These facts are alone a sufficient comment upon Colonel Gordon's significant words, in which he brands the anti-slave movement of the Egyptian Government as a hollow sham. This book should open the eyes of Europe to the real nature of Eastern Governments, and suggest a firmer and more decisive method of enforcing the decree that has gone forth from Christendom, that slavery shall cease to exist.

HOLMES ON THE COMMON LAW.*

BEFORE this we have called attention to the danger in which English lawyers stand of being outrun by their American brethren in the scientific and historical criticism of English legal institutions and ideas. The book now published by Mr. O. W. Holmes adds considerably to the advantage gained on the American side in this friendly contest. The matter is not altogether new to us, parts of it having in substance appeared at various times in the *American Law Review*; but everything has been more or less recast, much has been added, and the effect of the whole is much improved by the consolidation. The immediate occasion of the work was the delivery of a course of lectures in Boston; to what sort of audience does not appear, but it speaks well for the intelligence and cultivation of Massachusetts law students if the average of them are capable of appreciating instruction so far above the common routine of legal phrases as this. Mr. O. W. Holmes's simple and general title covers something quite different from the string of maxims and rules, supported by more or less relevant examples and more or less plausible reasons, which we have to be content with in most legal expositions. He gives us a searching historical and analytical criticism of several of the leading notions of English law; not an antiquarian discussion first and a theoretical discussion afterwards, but a continuous study in the joint light of policy and history. He shows us how dimly felt grounds of expediency, struggling with traditional rules of which the real grounds were mostly forgotten, have issued in the establishment of principles which are now capable of being expressed in a rational form for the most part, though many minute irregularities in their application, and here and there downright anomalies, preserve the memory of conflict and compromise. Mr. Holmes does not write as a member of any school of theorists or critics, and in the handling of his subjects he owes, apparently, very little to previous authors in the same kind. Observers of hereditary talent may rather note in his subtle and original following out of analogies and presentation of familiar elements in fresh lights a sufficiently plain continuance of like powers which, exercised on more popular and various topics, have for many years charmed readers of English on both sides of the Atlantic in the works of Dr. O. W. Holmes the father. Still, Mr. Holmes may be said in a certain sense to belong to an American school of legal criticism distinguishable from anything that has yet taken root here. The difference may be seen at a glance by comparing any recent English text-book of good standing, say the last edition of Smith's *Leading Cases*, with such works as Mr. Bigelow's *Leading Cases in the Law of Torts* or Professor Langdell's *Select Cases on Contract*. One reason for the divergence may be found in the multiplicity of co-ordinate and independent authorities in the Courts of the different States of the Union, which makes a much freer and more radical criticism than we are accustomed to in England not only possible but almost necessary. And it curiously enough happens that our own decided cases, though in themselves they still form a system based on precedent and not on opinion, add to this effect in America. For in the Courts of Massachusetts, for instance, the judgment of an English Court is not a binding precedent, but only an opinion; yet it is a judicial opinion, not a speculative one, given by men having authority in a law substantially the same as that which the Massachusetts Court administers, and under analogous conditions; and the feeling of piety towards the mother-country which notwithstanding superficial discordances underlies the best thought and work of cultivated Americans helps to increase the weight of English jurisprudence. The decisions of the American Supreme Court are for the State Courts a still nearer source of weighty but not positively binding legal opinion. And the study of Continental theorists, falling on soil thus made ready for it, is eagerly taken up and fruitfully pursued. Altogether American writers are in conditions especially favourable for the detachment and breadth of view which are among the chief requisites of systematic legal criticism. For some time international law has been with them a favourite subject; but this, though by its cosmopolitan character it offers abundant facilities for theorizing, is wanting in matter which exact criticism can lay hold of; and its theoretical part belongs as much to politics as to law. The energy of American inquirers is now directing itself to legal archaeology, as a field more neglected and presenting greater opportunities. We do not say that they have yet brought their school to perfection. It is not free from the over-ingenuity and captiousness which are the besetting faults of

* *The Common Law*. By O. W. Holmes, jun. Boston (United States) 1881.

ambitious youth. But they have already done good work, and, we trust, are on the way to do much more.

Mr. O. W. Holmes begins with a discussion of "Early Forms of Liability," in which he examines historically the rules of what may be called vicarious liability—that is, the duty imposed on men, in sundry circumstances and degrees, to answer for damage done not by themselves but by persons or things in their service. The original notion, in Mr. Holmes's view, is that the immediate agent in the damage is the offender. This might be a lifeless thing, an animal, a slave, or even a free person under an ancestor's power. And in archaic law the owner could escape further liability by surrendering the offending object for the person hurt, or his surviving kinsfolk, to work their will upon. Examples are found by Mr. Holmes in the Roman *noxæ deditio*, in the English deodand, and in the still existing Admiralty rule which in a manner personifies the ship. His general line of investigation is interesting, and, we think, on the right track; but we doubt if he gains much by appealing to the supposed primitive tendency to personify inanimate things. He says that things in motion, being nearer life than things at rest, were more readily forfeited as deodand. We must beg leave to differ. The phrase of the old books, *moveo ad mortem*, seems to us not to denote actual motion but to be a mere metaphorical turn of speech for causing death anyhow, as when we now speak of a consideration moving from a party. In the same Year Book of Edward I. from which Mr. Holmes quotes there is a passage (30 and 31 Ed. I., p. 529) showing that if an arrow glanced by misadventure and slew a man, the thing off which it glanced (which would naturally be in almost every case a fixed object) was forfeited. In the next three lectures we have a study of the grounds of liability for crimes and wrongs, which shows Mr. Holmes's powers to great advantage, and is to our mind the best part of the book. The general idea running through them is that even criminal law renounces, and, as a matter of policy, must renounce as far as possible, the attempt to punish according to the intrinsic moral guilt or blameworthiness of the wrongdoer. Blameworthiness is the ultimate ground of liability, but the actual measure of liability is not what is blameworthy in the particular individual, but what would, in his circumstances, be blameworthy in a man of ordinary knowledge and capacities. An external standard of conduct is established, to which the subject is bound to come up at his peril. Whether it has been conformed to in a particular case is a question in general independent of the person's actual state of mind. There are cases where a wider liability is imposed on grounds of special policy, or survives as a fragment of an earlier and ruder dispensation, or, having survived by accident, is now preserved out of a sense that on the whole it is expedient. But the general rule is that a man is not liable for harmful consequences of acts not unlawful in themselves which he had not a fair chance of foreseeing and preventing. If he had a chance sufficient for a reasonable man he is liable, notwithstanding that his individual ability or perceptions were not up to the average. Examination of the doctrines of intent and malice in the criminal law serves only to confirm this. Intent is in some cases, as in theft, a necessary index to the probable consequences of the act punished—in other words, to its dangerousness. In others, it is reducible to foresight; a truth expressed in an inverted fashion by the common maxim that a man is presumed to intend the natural consequences of what he does. And "the test of foresight is not what this very criminal foresaw, but what a man of reasonable prudence would have foreseen." The purpose of criminal law is to prevent dangerous acts as well as morally wicked ones, and "a man must find out at his peril things which a reasonable and prudent man would have inferred from the things actually known." We may add that, even in the limited number of cases where acts not appreciably dangerous to the public or to any person in particular are criminally punished as being wicked in themselves, the standard they are judged by is an external one. It has been decided that good intentions are no defence to an indictment for issuing an obscene publication. But it should be remembered that after legal guilt is established, there is mostly some judicial discretion as to the punishment to be awarded. Except as to capital offences and a very few others, for which a minimum punishment is prescribed, that discretion is in our system exceedingly broad. The consequences of a conviction for manslaughter vary from binding the prisoner in his own recognizances to come up for judgment if called upon, to a sentence of penal servitude for life. And here free play is given to appreciation of the degree of personal blame which the Court thinks ought to attach to the party under all the circumstances of the case.

Mr. Holmes goes on to show that the same principle of the external standard holds in the theory of civil wrongs, and particularly in that much confused subject the law of negligence. What the law means by negligence, he strongly points out, is not, as assumed by some modern teachers, a state of the party's mind. This is more clearly seen by taking it as what it really is, a negative term. Negligence is the want of diligence. But diligence is not something in the party's mind; it is a matter of external conduct, the actual exercise of a certain measure of intelligence and caution. That measure is determined by reference to the average capacity of men in the party's situation. And here the very roughness of the jury system makes it really a more accurate instrument than the judgment of judges sitting alone; for the verdicts of juries provide for the legal standard of duty neither being so much more rigorous than the

public opinion as to be unacceptable, or so much more lax as to be ineffectual. The ground of policy on which the law rests is that in order to carry on our affairs with freedom we must count on a certain amount of intelligence and good-will in a fellow-man apparently possessing normal faculties, and the law must hold him to make good that expectation; and the jury represents the ideal average man, than whom no one is expected to be wiser or allowed to be more foolish. They say what is the prudence of a reasonable man, taking one man with another, and their judgment is worked into settled contributions to the law by judicial decisions laying down from time to time what amounts to "evidence of negligence." Such decisions are based on the constant experience of mankind collected from juries, and preserved in the experience of judges and in legal records. Mr. Holmes has not touched one point raised by Mr. Bigelow in the book we have already mentioned, that the prudence required is not exactly the prudence of a common man, but the prudence of a man such as would commonly and properly be concerned in the matter in hand. If a man chooses to repair his own house and drops bricks on the people in the street, it is no defence for him to say that he did as well as a man could do who had not learnt bricklaying. If he will lay bricks, he must have the skill of a bricklayer at his peril. So a man who drives a carriage is expected to have the ordinary skill of a coachman. But, after all, it is only a branch of common prudence that a man should not put himself in situations where the foresight and control of consequences require a particular kind of knowledge or skill which he does not possess. It is negligence to put himself there at all, and it is vain for him to do afterwards the best that he can do by the light of nature. It may be conceived that in extraordinary circumstances a man should, as the lesser of imminent evils, take on himself the management of something as to which he knew himself to be incompetent. In such a case nice questions of liability might arise. Suppose an engine-driver to be disabled by a fit or a sunstroke in the middle of a long run; what would be the measure of the stoker's responsibility?

We have no room to discuss at present Mr. Holmes's treatment of leading ideas in other doctrines of the law; but we must not forget to say that, even if his explanations be not wholly accepted, his research goes a notable way to dispel the obscurity that surrounds the English law of contract in its earlier stages. The lecture on possession is interesting for the manner in which it works historical materials into the fabric of a closely reasoned argument against the prevalent German theories, and especially against the doctrine that inchoate or attempted ownership, the intent to deal with the thing as owner, or *animus domini* as it is called, is on principle or in fact a necessary element in constituting the kind of possessory interest which the law recognizes and protects. Altogether, Mr. Holmes's book will be a most valuable—we should almost say an indispensable—companion to the scientific student of legal history.

RECENT VERSE.*

WE fear that the *Heptalogia* will cause general disappointment to those who believe a current rumour as to its authorship; for though, as a matter of course, it is very clever and here and there laughable, the general effect is exceedingly heavy and elephantine. Mr. Swinburne, to whom it has been attributed, has shown in his prose writings that he has wit, though no humour, and when it was known that he had issued a volume of parodies, something very entertaining was expected. There are two great classic collections of parodies in English, those of the brothers Horace and James Smith, and that of Isaac Hawkins Browne. *A Pipe of Tobacco* and the *Rejected Addresses* have this in common, that they profess to be effusions by contemporary poets on one given theme. The fun of the thing was to suggest a pipe of tobacco or a newly-opened theatre as the subject for very dissimilar persons to rhyme about, and to see how Ambrose Philips would approach it, and how Swift, how Pope, and how Colley Cibber. This seems to us at once more laughable and more legitimate than to imitate rather savagely the general tenor of the poet's writing. The seven who contend against sense seem to be Messrs. Tennyson and Browning, Mrs. Browning, Mr. Patmore, Lord Lytton, Mr. Rossetti, and Mr. Swinburne himself. In the first place it is equally a mistake in flattery and in malice to place Lord Lytton in such company, and we will say nothing about the "Last Words of a Seventh-Rate Poet." Then the imitations of the two last-mentioned bards are dull and poor beyond description. That on Mr. Patmore is clever, but coarse and obvious. The other three are much more readable. "The Higher Pantheism in

* *The Heptalogia*; or, *the Seven against Sense: a Cup with Seven Bells*. London: Chatto & Windus.

Amaranth and Asphodel. By Alfred J. Butler. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

Grand Tours in many Lands. A Poem in Ten Cantos. By John McCosh, M.D. London: Remington & Co.

Nugæ Poeticæ; or, a Wheen Rhymes. By the Rev. J. Johnstone. Paisley: A. Gardner.

The Flower of Nepal. By Captain W. L. Greenstreet. London: S. Tinsley.

Other Days. Edinburgh: Grant & Son.

A Modern Babylon; Judas Iscariot. By Leonard Lloyd. London: Remington & Co.

a Nutsheil" is a not unfair rebuke to Mr. Tennyson's facile metaphysics, and closes with a delightful line—

Fiddle, we know, is diddle, and diddle, we take it, is dee.

"John Jones" is an elaborate imitation of "James Lee's Wife." The parody is excessively laborious, curious, and clever, but in the end a wearisome and profitless poem to read. Finally, the parody which seems to us to be best worth notice is "The Poet and the Woodlouse," in which fun is made in a very innocent way of the queer jargon which Mrs. Browning used to permit herself to employ. If we allow that parody is a fit exercise of such fine powers as Mr. Swinburne possesses, it could not be more amusingly employed than thus:—

"Notwithstanding which, O poet," spake the woodlouse very blandly,

"I am likewise the created—I the equipoise of thee;

I the particle, the atom, I behold on either hand lie

The inane of measured ages that were embryos of me."

"And I sacrifice, a Levite—and I palpitate, a poet;—

Can I close dead ears against the rush and resonance of things?

Symbols in me breathe and flicker up the heights of the heroic;

Earth's worst spawn, you said, and cursed me? look! approve me!

I have wings!"

In *Anarant* and *Asphodel* Mr. Butler has gone, like so many poets, to the Greek anthology for his inspiration. The book is dedicated to the Khedive of Egypt, perhaps in the hope of Hellenizing a potentate who has been suspected of want of sympathy with modern Greece. We hope that Mr. Butler will absolve us from any desire to be unfriendly if we confess that his translations, as a whole, remind us very curiously of the poems of Thomas Little, Esq.; they are smooth, coy, and elegantly amorous in very much the same style, a style by no means to be entirely condemned. But they seem a little too much like artificial flowers by the side of the living jasmine and lotus of the anthology. For instance, there is a lovely little poem by Aesclepiades which has often been quoted as giving the very quintessence of joy in physical existence. To have translated it literally would have tried Mr. Butler's sense of delicacy, though nothing more innocent was ever written; but surely it would have been better to leave it alone altogether than to have spread out the four concise and thrilling lines into this:—

Sweet unto lips athirst is snow to drink

In summer's heat:

Sweet unto mariners, when the storm winds sink,

Spring flowers to greet:

Sweetest of all, when two fond lovers cling

Beneath one bower,

While for deep gladness both together sing

Love's praise and power.

The translation of *χλαίνα* is extremely bold. One might as well say

He lay like a warrior taking his rest

With his martial bower around him.

The "Songs of Death" are better than the "Songs of Love," though we should have supposed that Mr. Butler would hardly have cared to print his travesty of Callimachus's elegy on Heraclitus when the exquisite translation in *Ionica* is so well known. It seems a grave omission that in no case is the author of the original named.

Dr. McCosh is a most laborious writer. We recollect reading his *Nuova Italia* very few years ago, and already he presents us with a new epic in ten cantos. It is extremely difficult to criticize poetry of this kind, to which the Americans are a great deal more indulgent than we are. On the other side of the Atlantic Dr. McCosh might gain a small but compact reputation, and be mentioned during his lifetime in "Primers of American Literature." Over here we are apt to be more impatient of a lumbering and colourless style, and an exasperatingly high level of mediocrity. Dr. McCosh writes of all sorts of things—the Scotch Coast, the Literature of the Day, which he condemns as too heated, the Paris Exhibition, Insomnia, the Fall of Kara, Titian's Birthplace, and a thousand other themes, with an even vivacity which is certainly remarkable in a writer more than seventy-five years of age. Dr. McCosh is very severe on his critics; and as we cannot in conscience say that we are very well impressed by his poetry, the most generous thing we can do is to repeat the little curse that he has formulated for our destruction:—

Oh, for a fifty Peter Pindar power!

The pen of Horace, Juvenal, and Pope,

To scourge such hypercritics of the hour!

Oh, for a furlong of good hempen rope

To hang them up, like Haman, by the toes,

And teach them honesty, even to their foes.

This is strong language, but the little poets that are so fond of invoking Pope seem to forget that there was a *Dunciad*.

We sink considerably below the level of Dr. McCosh to reach the author of "a Wheen Rhymes." The principal poem in the book was written twenty years ago. It contains a somewhat diverting list of poets, which is worth extracting:—

But Wattie Scott, an' Rabbie Burns,

An' Jamie Hogg, an' Ramsay,

An' Campbell bauld, an' Cowper auld,

An' Milton John, an' Dryden John,

An' dunce-devouring Sandie,

An' honest, crabbed, burly Sam,

An' Goldie, poor wee dandie.

There seems a line dropped after the reference to Johnson. For the exceeding badness of the poetry in this little book we have

been indemnified in the notes by a pleasing story, although we are not sure that it is new:—

An important divine was preaching a sermon of scraps to a congregation of country people. At the end of each paragraph, an old man in the audience would quietly remark, "that's Boston, or that's Rutherford, or that's Doddridge, or that's Baxter," as the case might be. At last the minister lost his patience, and cried "Take the fule body, out!" "Ay, that's his ain i' the hinner en' ony way," said the old man, and withdrew.

In the *Flower of Nepal* Captain Greenstreet tells a romantic story of Hindu life in blank verse that is much above the average, and in such a graceful manner that the reader passes unconsciously from page to page with a considerable amount of pleasure. The landscape is new and brilliant; such lines as the following are evidently drawn, as Wordsworth recommended, with the writer's "eye upon the object":—

Below the rock, down trending towards a stream,

A rhododendron forest, far outstretched,

With rosy blossoms painted the hillside

In sunset hues; whilst Alpine primulas,

Gray lichens and brown grasses, touched the crag

With homely colours. In a tree hard by,

Clasping a scented orchis, whose bright flowers

Made sunlight in the wood, two linets sang

Melodiously of love.

The treatment throughout this poem is well varied and well-sustained, and we cannot but fancy that Captain Greenstreet's name might be favourably known if he cultivated his remarkable gifts of narrative and description. Unfortunately the lyrical interludes are very poorly done.

The author of *Other Days* has also some smoothness and correctness of style, but is absolutely without intellectual ambition of any kind. The titles of the pieces are so mild as to be almost comic, and to suggest the ribald wit of a parodist. We have lines "Addressed to some Ladies about to travel in Italy," "On the Portrait of a Young Lady in Crayon," "To a Young Lady who was alarmed in passing through the Black Forest," and "To a Young Lady putting on a Black Kid Glove." The last begins:—

Why thus in glove of sable hue

That lily hand enshroud?

We mourn the moon escaped our view

Beneath a wintry cloud.

One piece has a title containing seventy-eight words, although these are the preface to only ten lines.

Mr. Leonard Lloyd's dramas of *A Modern Babylon* and *Judas Iscariot* have not interested us so much as the advertisements appended to them. Mr. Lloyd seems to have a wonderful reputation in the provinces. The *Banbury Guardian* says that "he exercises somewhat kingly functions in the realms of poetry," but we do not know what the dear soul can mean by that. The *Cheltenham Telegraph* asserts that "critics are all agreed that a poet of the highest class has arisen" in Mr. Leonard Lloyd. The *Guernsey Mail* uses language which would be fulsome if applied to Victor Hugo, and the *Sheerness Guardian* simply grovels before this "powerful and rising writer." The respective journals of Todmorden, Brighouse, and Rastrick unite in using the odd expression "patrons"—"Mr. Lloyd seems determined to lose no opportunity of pleasing his patrons." In our metropolitan innocence we fail to understand the *raison d'être* of all this provincial ecstasy over such productions as Mr. Lloyd's plays, which read to us, at their most serious moments, like a preposterous and rather dull burlesque.

NEW TEXT-BOOKS OF SCIENCE.*

THE rising generation of students of science may well be grateful for the succession of admirable elementary works which the enterprise of publishers, seconded by eminent masters of knowledge in their several departments, continues to pour forth. In Messrs. Longman's *Text-Books of Science* we have already well-nigh a couple of dozen of compact little manuals, by men of mark, in which an amount of matter customarily to be sought for through bulky and costly treatises, and till lately nowhere to be met with at all, is brought within the reach of the tiro, expressed in language suited to his intelligence and his wants, and bearing an authority which may command his utmost confidence. Nothing can be of greater importance at the outset of the study of nature than to make sure of the method to be adopted, and to get clear ideas of the elementary laws of physics, with a firm grasp of the rudimentary facts. In preparing his handy little volume on *Systematic Mineralogy*, Mr. Hilary Bauerman has contemplated forming a useful guide to students who would acquire a general knowledge of the subject, as well as an introduction to larger and more advanced text-books, such as those of Dana, Miller, Desclouzeaux, and Schrauf. As it is beyond the scope of a work so limited in bulk to deal systematically and in detail with crystalline forms of all kinds, his treatment has been made as general as possible, dealing with their symmetry and geometrical pro-

* *Text-Book of Systematic Mineralogy.* By Hilary Bauerman, F.G.S., Associate of the Royal School of Mines. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

Lessons in Elementary Mechanics, introductory to the Study of Physical Science. By Philip Magnus, B.Sc., B.A. Seventh Edition, enlarged. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

An Elementary Course of Practical Physics. By A. M. Worthington, M.A., F.R.A.S., Assistant Master at Clifton College. Rivington, 1881.

erties rather than the practical calculation and determination of individual examples, though in the later portion of the work, in which the physical properties of minerals come under view, much information is given as to the chemical constituents, the structural peculiarities and the physical distinctions of the best known crystals. Matters of this kind, belonging to the petrography or physiography of minerals will, it is understood, form the subject of a future volume. Mr. Bauerman lays down, to begin with, the general principles of form, showing the classification of crystals according to the number and character of their axes of symmetry; the six possible systems, all of which are represented by natural minerals, coming under three principal groups, as they are without a principal axis, or have one or three such axes of symmetry. The first of these includes the triclinic, oblique, and rhombic systems, the triclinic having no linear symmetry, while in the other two the symmetry is all of the same kind,—namely, binary. The second includes the hexagonal and tetragonal systems, the principal symmetry of the first being senary, and that of the second quaternary. The three principal axes are special to the cubic system, being those of quaternary symmetry. The four chief methods of notation indicative of the faces of crystals—those of Weiss, Miller, Naumann, and Lévy—are explained, all of which, as being of equal authority, it behoves the student to master, though that of Lévy, a modification of Haiiy's, in common use amongst European mineralogists during the earlier years of this century, is well-nigh restricted to France. The important works of Descloiseaux and Mallard are written in it. For a more complete account of it the student is referred to Pisani's *Traité de Minéralogie*. Weiss's system, the least conventional of all—the unit face being indicated by the length of its intercepts upon the axes of reference, as shown in fig. 5—is in general use among the Berlin school. Naumann's method has the merit of being short and convenient; the symbols, being arbitrary, are clear and never to be mistaken. His notation is the one most extensively in use, being adopted in Dumas's popular text-books as well as in its author's widely-read manual. But the method of Miller, the most elegant of all, developed out of the system of notation by indices first started by Whewell, is destined, our author believes, to be adopted at no very distant time by all mineralogists. For practical reasons, however, he has made use in his crystallographic chapters of a mixed system of notation; the forms being designated in the text by their symbols according to Naumann, whilst the notation of their faces is by indices on Miller's system. In demonstrating the geometrical characteristics of crystals under these different systems, the solids illustrated have been assumed as absolutely regular in shape, every face of the same form being similarly placed in regard to the symmetrical centre or origin of the axes. Such mathematical regularity is of course practically unknown in nature, so that in reasoning out the typical or abstract form, such faces as are either excessive or reduced, if not occasionally wanting or redundant, have to be allowed for. Our author consequently goes on to treat of compound or multiple crystals, falling under two principal classes, as parallel and twin groups, besides which there are a few minerals and artificial products whose crystals are dissimilarly ended, the faces limiting a prismatic zone at one end of its axis belonging to different forms from those at the other end. These crystals are not properly speaking hemihedral, their faces, though but half the full number possible in their constituent forms, being not uniformly distributed about the axis, but so grouped that, while all the faces may be present which have indices positive to an axis, the corresponding negative ones may be wholly absent, their place being occupied by some totally different form. To this arrangement has been given the name of hemimorphism. The most conspicuous examples of it are afforded by tourmaline, the ruby, silver ores, and greenockite in the hexagonal, struvite and electric calamine in the rhombic, and cane-sugar in the oblique system. Irregular aggregates, in which crystalline masses are often found in nature, as stalactites, various kinds of spar, and the beautiful capricious-looking fibrous forms resembling corals, mosses, and other organic bodies, common in aragonite, the so-called *flor ferri*, or flowers of iron, and native metals are also described, mineral masses simply amorphous being excluded from the field of view. Rules for the measurement and representation of crystals are given, with an account of the best forms of goniometer, Wollaston's reflecting instrument being chosen for illustration. The greater part of the figures in this volume are, as in most works on mineralogy, drawn in what is called parallel perspective, which supposes the sight to be at an infinite distance from the object represented, so that all rays proceeding from the object to the eye are parallel, or all lines and surfaces parallel to each other remain so in the drawing. The method of spherical projection introduced by Naumann, and brought into general use in its present form by Miller, supposes the crystal to be placed within a sphere, both having common centre lines normal to the faces, these lines being drawn through the centre to the surface of the sphere on either side. This method, as our author shows, has the advantage of representing the faces of crystals in the most general manner—i.e. by points—so that there is no limit to the number of them that can be included in a single figure. At the end of the work, after a satisfactory treatment of the physical properties of crystals, their atomic weights, and their structure in relation to chemical constitution, are given the more recent results of research into their formation by nature and their production by artificial methods.

That Mr. Magnus's *Lessons in Elementary Mechanics*, designed for the use of schools and of candidates for the London matricula-

tion and other examinations, should in less than seven years have run through as many editions, is in itself a sign of the value set upon it by students and by those engaged in education, whilst it gives wholesome evidence of the appreciation that is likely to attend all educational work based upon the same sound method, and executed with the same degree of exactitude and clearness. Intended primarily for the use of those who have had no previous instruction in mechanics, its design has been to bring into prominence the leading principles of the science, exemplifying them by familiar illustrations. With the view of showing its connexion with other branches of natural science, some few pages have been set apart to a brief exposition of the doctrine of energy, the keynote, so to say, of the modern system of physics. In preference to the plan usually adopted, the author has set forward as a principle the idea of motion being more elementary than that of force, and the need of two forces at least combining to produce equilibrium. The subject of statics has accordingly been made to depend upon the laws of dynamics, these being preceded in turn by a discussion of some of the simplest principles of motion. He is right, we believe, in thinking that the theory of equilibrium occupies too prominent a position in many of our text-books, and that the student obtains in the problems of statics a very inadequate idea of force and of its modes of expression. The order he has adopted may be pronounced not only the most logical, but that which experience has found most practically advantageous in teaching. The beginner is taught to realize first the idea of motion, absolute and relative, the latter being the only kind of motion known to us in nature. The old Greek maxim *ἐν κινήσει τὸ πᾶν* was anticipatory of the latest generalization of science. All things on earth around us seem to be at rest, but move ceaselessly with the earth round the sun. The sun not only moves round upon his axis, but is in motion towards or round some other point in space, and so on. In all substances molecular movements are found to be ever going on. In growth and decay there is motion of one kind. Transition and undulation furnish distinctions of another kind. Thus the science of physics resolves itself into the consideration of bodies and molecules under every variety of motion, being subdivided according to the particular effect that the several kinds of motion produce upon the senses. Locomotion, pressure, heat, sound, light, electricity, what are these but names for the different sets of impressions which motion in its different forms arouses in our consciousness? Mechanics being that branch of physics which treats of the motion and equilibrium of bodies as a whole, as distinct from the motion of their particles, and restricted in the present work to solid bodies, falls under the heads—firstly, of kinematics, or the science of pure motion; secondly, of matter that is set in motion, and the cause or force that produces it, coming under the science of dynamics; thirdly, of statics, or the science of equilibrium, comprising such problems as are connected with bodies at rest. Had we to select any portion of the work as most characteristic of the method of treatment adopted, and as compressing into a limited compass the utmost amount of recent gains to the philosophy of physics, we should point to the chapter on Energy, the distinction of potential from kinetic energy, the conversion of heat into mechanical energy, and the conservation of energy, with its relation to force and momentum. A series of well-chosen questions is appended to each chapter, and at the end is given a useful set of examination papers set at various institutions.

In *An Elementary Course of Practical Physics* Mr. A. M. Worthington has provided teachers of the rudiments of physical science with a series of experiments suited to ground the minds of learners in the first principles of practical work. It had its origin, we learn, in an inquiry set on foot by the Committee of Head-Masters amongst the scientific masters of the larger public schools, as to how far laboratory work is possible at school, regard being had to the time at a boy's disposal. Of eighteen answers, two alone were favourable, that from Rugby the most warmly so, on the ground that manipulation and observation form in themselves an important education, and that they are necessary to raise science from a mere cram subject. The spirit of the other answers seems well represented by that from the Royal Naval College, to the effect that laboratory work is not of much educational value unless accompanied by measurements which can be made only by costly instruments, experiments merely qualitative leading only to play. Such work, it is thought, is suited only for senior boys. "A master can take no more than seven or eight at a time. Each experiment would average two hours, single hours now and then being of no use." It is on chemistry, it seems, that from this aspect of things stress is to be laid as a field for practical work. But from an educational point of view our author in the interests of science claims the first place for the study of physics. Logically, he urges, it precedes all the other experimental sciences, every one of which has special instruments and appliances of its own, the action of which is purely physical, depending upon the readiness with which the manipulator devises, understands, and handles such appliances. Yet this fundamental study, which should beyond all others be soundly and thoroughly fixed in the mind of teacher and learner alike, is in danger of being left out of sight, or to be picked up at hazard as mere rule of thumb work. The course here laid down by him within fifty pages comprises about the same number of experiments suited to a class of a dozen boys under fourteen years of age. Having been tested at the Salt Schools with success, it is about to be introduced at Clifton College for a class of thirty boys. So far from being dependent upon costly apparatus, the entire list of laboratory appliances comes to a little more than 10l. The merit claimed for it by the author is that this course

affords a good training in (1) skilful manipulation; (2) exact observation; (3) intelligent and orderly recording of observations; (4) principles of indirect measurement; (5) the application and intelligent use of arithmetic, geometry, and algebra; (6) the varying of experimental combinations; (7) common sense. Simple equations and two books of Euclid will carry a boy to at least the middle of the course. The boys are found to work best in pairs. They are led on from simple measurements of objects at hand, or the apparatus in use, to finding the centre of gravity, the length and weight of twisted as compared with straight wires, the density and specific gravity of liquids, the oscillation of pendulums, the laws of torsion, the density of solids by weighing in air and in water, making a barometer, determining latent and specific heat, and finding the co-efficient of expansion of air and of mercury. The pupil who has made himself master of this short but comprehensive course will have reached solid ground in elementary physics.

DAVID BROOME, ARTIST.*

MRS. O'REILLY is known, and not unfavourably known, as the author of several short tales. Her *Sussex Stories* we noticed with praise so late as last autumn. Unfortunately she has not been content with going on in the line in which she had met with success; but, either of her own movement, or encouraged by outsiders, she has ventured on a novel of the orthodox dimensions of three full volumes. The frog of the fable, for all we are told, might have very well passed muster as a simple frog. It was not till it came to puff itself out beyond its natural dimensions that it became a failure and an absurdity. There is no worse enemy to many a storyteller than the third volume. On not a few, indeed, even the second can bring utter ruin. There are plenty of writers who can write very well so long as they allow their heroes and heroines but a couple of chapters or so of existence. Let them venture on a longer tale and a more complicated plot, they at once become as much embarrassed as the wife of a sheriff or an alderman who, for the first time in her life, has to manage a long train as she is presented at Court. So long as her dress had scarcely touched the ground she had gone on well enough, but when it was lengthened by a good yard of stuff, then she fell into the most awkward gait. Our lady writers have, we must admit, this excuse—that it is the novel-readers, making their demands felt through the owners of circulating libraries and the publishers, who set them on thus to make three volumes instead of one. We are willing to allow that, so far as their ordinary readers are concerned, the excuse is valid, but with the unhappy reviewers it has little or rather no weight. We suffer too much as we struggle onwards to the end to be able to listen to any plea of indulgence. When at last we have sifted the pile of rubbish, it matters nothing to us why it has been made so huge. That it contains here and there something that is good does not in the least improve the case. On the contrary, our indignation swells as we consider how either compliance with a foolish fashion or a real ignorance of the writer's trade has made that long and bad which might have been short and good.

To pass from these more general considerations to the story before us, we cannot but express our regret that the author of *David Broome, Artist*, has overshot her powers as much as she has her reviewer's patience. There is not a little that we like in her writings. Mrs. O'Reilly's tone is always pure, and her aim wholesome. It is a great pity, however, that she has a failing that is so commonly found in the sermons of some of the most virtuous and admirable men. She runs the risk of boring people before she has succeeded in amending them. Like the preacher, she may likely enough put her audience to sleep before she has unfolded and enforced her moral.

Her sentiment, moreover, is too often somewhat weak, and at times is worn to rags. She has such a wish that every one should make a good ending, that she never indulges herself or her readers in a downright villain. She makes some of her characters, indeed, commit the most atrocious crimes; but she takes care to keep them so well in hand that they can all repent before they die. Her villains are too bad or too good. They are not consistent. They seem to be all along in training both for the gallows and the "Salvation Army." She might have gratified the reader by cutting off at least one in the blossoms of his sin. Too much penitence may give a story a sickly taste, just as too much sugar may spoil a pudding. Once, indeed, in her story a great rogue is going to drown himself, but the virtuous hero—and a stupendously virtuous hero he is—comes up just at the nick of time, and puts a stop to the suicide. It is not, indeed, by any chance that he stops at the pool at the very moment when the rogue was going to plunge in. He had had an unaccountable impression that some one was near, a presentiment that impressed his vivid imagination. Did he determine on moving, the same wholly unaccountable impression mastered him. Was he later on once more about to move, the mysterious impulse to remain returned in full force. It is a pity, by the way, that these impressions and impulses are not rather felt when the life of a respectable member of society is at stake. In one class of novels, however, there is no more dangerous state than that of being what people call prepared for death or fit to die.

Such people are swept off without any remorse, while the wicked have, at all events, a reprieve granted them.

Not only is the sentiment of this story often false, but the plot is of a most complicated nature. We do not at any time feel sure that we have sounded all its depths and thoroughly mastered its intricacies, while for nearly two volumes we are in a state of the greatest perplexity. We are quite willing to allow that the heroine should have her three lovers, for it is never to lovers that our state of bewilderment is due. The first glance always enables the practised reviewer to detect who it is whom a heroine is to marry, however much appearances may point to some different result. In the present case we found out that the hero was in love, or, at all events, was going to be in love, a good two volumes and a half before he had found it out for himself. It is not, then, of lovers that we complain. They may rise against us as likenesses of the King rose against Douglas on the field of Shrewsbury, and they will give us no trouble. But we must raise an outcry when we are faced by a mysterious child, who is left as an outcast, by a still more mysterious woman, at the house of the virtuous hero. For many a long page the parentage of this youthful mystery is made to worry the reader almost as much as a swarm of midges or the toothache. If to preserve a mystery is one part of the novelist's art, certainly Mrs. O'Reilly here deserves her share of praise, for we defy the reader even to hazard a guess as to the origin of this highly objectionable boy. His father at one time we believe to be a forger, who is still serving his time as a convict. At another time we are almost convinced that he is the son of a woman who was to have married the good hero, but was tricked by his wicked cousin into marrying him. Her baby had died, she had been told, at a time when she was delirious. What more natural than that he should not have died at all, but have been stolen, either by his foster-mother or the mysterious woman in whose possession we first meet him? Who he was we will not reveal, but we may let out that, though his foster father was not in prison, he fully deserved to be; for he, too, had been a forger and a scoundrel in general. The boy, of course, reforms, like every one else; and at the present time, instead of being a pickpocket, is likely enough a churchwarden.

The descriptions of scenery and of places, which are scattered about with a too liberal hand, do not, in our opinion, by any means help us through the mysteries. We knew only too well what was coming when the story opened in a greengrocer's shop, and we read how "red-ripe berries, golden-brown potatoes, and piles of fresh green vegetables contrasted well with one another. It was an idyllic sort of business," the author adds. Idyllic or not, "golden-brown potatoes" were too much for us. Even in "word-painting" a line ought to be drawn, and it should certainly be drawn some way above potatoes. If we are not careful, we shall sink down to onions, and from onions to artichokes. On later pages we certainly get into higher society, and are introduced to a breakfast-table that glittered with silver and was decked with flowers. The owner of the house and his wife alone were present. She, we read, presiding over the teapot, wore a rose in the waist-belt of her dress. Two pages later on we find that her husband drank coffee. Can, we would respectfully ask—can a woman be said to *preside* over a teapot which is for her own use, and for hers alone? It is, we are well aware, a favourite term with women authors, for it seems to imply a certain dignity, if not, indeed, actual power; but for that very reason we are justified in insisting that it shall be kept to its strict use. But from "word-painting" we are getting to women's rights, and where they will lead us none can know. As Tristram Shandy wrote, "The controversy led them naturally into *Thomas Aquinas*, and *Thomas Aquinas* to the devil." We will, therefore, stop short while yet there is time, and retrace our steps. What, we would ask our author, is gained by giving such a description as the following of a house in the West-end of London during the month of September?—

The sunshine would have penetrated within, had that been possible, and would have lit up the gilding and paint, the rich amber-coloured curtains of the drawing-rooms, the pictures, statues, china, and handsome furniture of which the house was full, but shutters were closed jealously, and blinds drawn down. Still, do what Mrs. Dryson the housekeeper might to exclude those long, warm beams, they persisted in finding their way through chinks in the shutters, or where blinds did not hang absolutely straight, and so lay upon the carpets, or made bright bands upon the delicate tints of ceiling or cornice, driving the housekeeper to distraction as she visited one room after another, to make sure that nothing was getting faded or tarnished, and found the sunshine before her always.

Let our author, we beg her, not attempt to write so big a book that, in order to get it filled, she must have recourse to long descriptions of what is not worth describing even briefly. She has a certain power of her own. In these three volumes there are parts which are very pleasing. The heroine, though her name, Lettice, is certainly the last that a greengrocer would be likely to give his daughter, is yet a charming young lady, and well deserves her three lovers, and even half-a-dozen more, had she needed them. The hero is a little tiresome, if not indeed oppressive, with his virtue, and might surely have a little sooner found out that he was capable of becoming a lover. Still, even he would have passed muster very well, had we had much less of him. Some of the minor characters are well drawn. With all its faults, and that they are many we have not failed to show, this story is likely enough to find many readers, and to interest them, in spite of, or perhaps on account of, the serious defects which we have had to point out.

* *David Broome, Artist.* By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, Author of "Phoebe's Fortunes," "Sussex Stories," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

IN THE ARDENNES.*

THE general mass of English, and perhaps of all, tourists may be divided into two classes—those who resolve to do as others do, and those who determine to go somewhere with the certainty that only the select few will be found on the same track. The first class are inspired by the amiable desire to have the power of talking to their neighbours about the places they have visited and the sights they have seen. The second have the less amiable ambition of speaking loftily of localities which have never been penetrated by the vulgar herd. On the whole, we are disposed to like the first class better than the second, and even to think them the wiser, on the principle that "everybody" is wiser than "anybody." Of course there is a small third class, who go where they like to go, led by their own personal tastes and by their reasonable expectations of instruction or amusement; but they are probably a small minority.

The district which is known as the Ardennes has little chance of being known to either of the first two classes we have referred to. It never has been fashionable, and it never will be; it will probably never, or not for a very long time, be visited by any one because others go there; nor is it sufficiently "out of the way" to prove attractive to those who are in search of unbeaten tracks. Who would think of boasting that he had been in the Ardennes when he might brag that he had been in the Salz-kammergut? Yet Mrs. Macquoid is right when she speaks of the Ardennes as a delightful province in which many a picturesque journey may be taken, although with equal right she speaks of it as being unfrequented, and she has done well to add this volume to her previous entertaining books on Normandy and Brittany. We quite believe that many a quiet and meditative traveller, who has already "done" the ordinary routes in Switzerland and Italy and France, and who detests mobs of tourists, and cares nothing for the glories of Alpine-climbing either in Switzerland or out of it, will be grateful to the author for leading him to a district so charming in all its natural features, and so comparatively undisturbed by the bustle of the outer world. It is, in fact, somewhat remarkable that the Ardennes has been so completely overlooked. Tourists to the Rhine and Switzerland skirt it on the North—at Namur, Liège, and Verviers. Since the Franco-German war a good many resolute sightseers must have seen its southern side at Sedan; yet few of these have ever penetrated the "Forest of Arden." Even the *habitués* of Spa, we are told, scarcely do more than take a day's drive to Coo; few of them remain to enjoy the beautiful scenery which surrounds that pretty village.

We are not sure but that the route of these travellers might have been improved; but what traveller has not thought he had done better, or could have done better, than those who came after him, or had gone before him? Once or twice Mrs. Macquoid intimates that they had departed from a better plan which they had already formed, or might have done better than they did. These, however, are small matters, and, taking her book as it stands, it will be a useful and pleasant guide to those who may think of visiting the district which it describes, and will give a very fair notion of what it is to those who may have no such intention. After a few introductory remarks, the writer suggests several routes, and then lands us by way of railway at Brussels and Namur, whence she takes us up the Meuse to Dinant. This little town is not altogether unlike its almost namesake, Dinan, in Brittany. It has very nearly the same population, somewhere about 7,000 or 8,000; it stands on a river, and the ground rises abruptly from the river-side, the chief difference being that, in the case of Dinant, the principal streets are down by the river-side, instead of being on the top of the hill. Both of the little towns have something of a history, too, in the past, and one altogether out of proportion at least to their present size and importance. The legends connected with the Breton Dinan are tolerably well known, at least to the considerable *colonie anglaise* which has for many years flourished there. Duguesclin and "Thomas of Cantorbéry" are household words among French and English in that antique, untidy, and somewhat odorous little town. There is no English colony at Dinant, although from time to time some artists may be found here, who are making sketches in its charming neighbourhood, and in the forest of the Ardennes.

It may be worth mentioning that the painter Wiertz, of eccentric genius, was a native of Dinant. Probably few who have seen his fearful and wonderful legacy of pictures at Brussels will be attracted to Dinant by such a consideration. In fact, the great charm of this whole region is that there is "very little to see." Most travellers who have been in a party which had been working very hard at sightseeing can remember the ill-concealed delight depicted on the countenances of their companions when they had arrived at a place where there was nothing to see, and nothing to do but rest and dine. There certainly is this charm about the Ardennes that the traveller can wander about at his own sweet will, feeling under no obligation to visit picture-galleries, churches, or battle-fields, unless he goes out of the forest to Sedan or Laon. Dinant, however, as we have said, has a history of its own; and, indeed, the Dinantians of old seem to have been terrible fire-eaters. Near it was the rival town of Bouvignes, with which it lived in constant enmity. We need hardly remind our readers that this place is no more to be confounded with Bovines than

is Dinant to be identified with its namesake in Brittany. But Dinant was not contented to fight its battles with Bouvignes. It provoked that excellent monarch Philip "the Good," of Burgundy, who unfortunately for them was not one of those who turn the left cheek when they are smitten on the right. To defy and insult the Duke was bad enough; to hang his ambassador was unpardonable. The town was brutally pillaged and burned; the priests, women, and children were spared; the men were mostly put to death, eight hundred prisoners being flung into the Meuse and drowned before Bouvignes.

Mrs. Macquoid mentions that the Dinantians were not cured of their insolence even by this terrible calamity, when, as an old French writer says, the town "was burned down in such a fashion that it looked as if it had been in ruins for a century." About a century later, when summoned to surrender to the French by the Duc de Nevers, they sent back the answer that, if they could lay hold of the Duke and his master, they would roast and eat their hearts and livers—a pleasantry which cost them the sacking and burning of their town.

These incidents may be regarded as fairly historical; but a salient feature in the present volume, after its descriptions of routes and scenery, and its pleasant gossiping sketches of the country people and their ways and their chatter, is the legendary lore which Mrs. Macquoid has collected from place to place and put upon record in her book. It is very curious what a prominent part the Evil Spirit plays in these stories. In this respect, perhaps, the legends of most unfrequented districts are very much alike. In these, however, we fancy there are fewer illustrations than usual of the aphorism that "the Devil is an ass." Too frequently, we regret to say, his satanic majesty has the best of it; and even when he is worsted, it is not always by such means as can be quite approved of. The legend of St. Remacius has a mixture of both elements. According to that, Satan, in the form of a wolf, had killed the Saint's ass Jack; but being caught in his rosary was kept for a time, and made to do the work of his victim. After undergoing considerable toil and humiliation, he made his escape through the rosary slipping from his neck. This story, let us note in passing, is connected with the neighbourhood of Bouillon, the home of Godfrey the great Crusader. The story of the Lords of Samrée and Berisménil also introduces Satanic agency, and in a more horrible form. Far pleasanter is his defeat at Stavelot, if we cannot entirely approve of the manner in which it was accomplished. St. Remacius had determined to build an abbey in this place in order to overthrow the power of the Prince of Darkness, who had full sway over the locality. Satan naturally did his best to hinder the work, but in vain. At last he determined to heave a great block of quartz on to the roof of the abbey in the middle of the consecration service. St. Remacius, however, became aware that he was on the road, carrying the huge stone with some difficulty up the hill. He caused all the old shoes and sandals they could get to be stuffed into a sack, and sent "the most saintly of the brethren" with the collection to meet the enemy. When Satan asked the monk how far it was to Stavelot, the monk emptied out the contents of his sack, and informed him that he had worn them all out since he left the town. Apparently the Father of Lies had not the power of discerning the character of the statement thus made; so, with a dreadful yell, he flung down his load and disappeared. This story, if not irreproachable, has certainly elements of edification in it which are absent from some of the others. As we have remarked, the Evil One has too frequently the best of it; but that is not the writer's fault; she tells the tale as it was told to her.

Generally speaking, Mrs. Macquoid has shown taste and sense in the selection of objects for description and in the manner in which she has described them. Her talk about the architectural features of Laon and of Liège, for example, is very pleasant; and she seldom makes mistakes, for she knows how to avoid getting out of her depth. Once we meet with a queer sentence. "The peasants," she says, "speak what is called Walloon, the ancient French idiom, which, according to some writers, is the ancient Gallic language." Now, there is no doubt that the Walloon is a species of French; but what Mrs. Macquoid means by the ancient French idiom which, according to some writers, is the ancient Gallic language, we cannot imagine. The ancient Gallic language was a Celtic tongue. The old Frankish language, spoken at Laon for example, one of the Frankish capitals (a fact which Mrs. Macquoid does not think it necessary to mention) was as certainly a Teutonic or Germanic language. The French language, properly so called, is just as obviously a Latin or Romance language. But this is quite an exceptional slip. We should add that the illustrations are charming, as they seem also to be accurate.

MINOR NOTICES.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH B. MAYOR'S first instalment of a full and elaborate edition of Cicero's treatise *De Natura Deorum* (1) has remained over long in our hands without receiving the notice which is its due. The work itself is of but moderate interest, like all Cicero's philosophical writings. Of original thought there is neither

(1) *M. Tullii Ciceronis de natura deorum libri tres*. With Introduction and Commentary by Joseph B. Mayor, M.A., Professor of Moral Philosophy at King's College, London, &c. Vol. I. Cambridge: University Press. 1880.

* In the Ardennes. By Katharine S. Macquoid. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

any trace nor any profession. It has a certain worth as secondary evidence of the topics and arguments current in the post-Aristotelian Greek schools; but the independent sources of evidence, though not satisfying, are enough to show that Cicero is a witness not above suspicion as to his intelligence, and to make him more than suspected as to his fairness. The Epicurean school, in particular, is grossly misrepresented by him here and elsewhere. Perhaps the chief entertainment a modern reader can find in the philosophical dialogues of Cicero is to observe how venerable are all the controversial commonplaces of natural theologians and their opponents. Thus the standing difficulty about a creation taking place at one time rather than another is clearly enough given by the Epicurean spokesman in this book. Again, one of his taunts addressed to the Stoic, "ut tragici poetæ, cum explicare argumenti exitum non potestis, confugitis ad deum," has a curiously modern ring about it. There remains, of course, the interest of Cicero's Latin, which is always worth studying as a work of art for its own sake. And in this case we see him deliberately making experiments on the language to extend its powers of representing the Greek philosophical vocabulary, and, if not actually coining words, fixing upon them the technical sense in which they have remained as part of the common stock of the civilized world. *Providentia* is a conspicuous example. The critical part of Professor Mayor's work appears to be exceedingly well done. In forming the text he has strictly observed the methods of modern scholarship, which holds itself bound not only to supply a reading plausible in itself, but to show how the corrupt reading that has to be emended came to take its place. A few conjectures of the editor's own are introduced. One of these, at the beginning of cap. 26, is especially ingenious. The common reading is:—"Hoc intellegere quale esset, si in ceris *fingeretur* aut *fictilibus* figuris." The conjunction of *fingeretur* and *fictilibus* in different meanings is displeasing, and not like Cicero, and Professor Mayor suggests *diceretur*, accounting for *fingeretur* as follows. The repetition of the letters CER in SI IN CERIS DICERETUR led some copyist to write SI INCERETUR; and this again was taken for SI FINGERETUR, "which would be likely to maintain its ground against the true reading, even after the insertion of *in ceris* from another text." A material addition to the general critical value of the book is the full collation of several English MSS. which has been undertaken by Mr. J. H. Swainson. Professor Mayor seems to intend his edition to serve the purpose of a general introduction to the history of Greek philosophy, and his commentary is very copious and lucid; so much so that we are inclined to think it open to objection as likely to save students more trouble and thought than is good for them. In Cicero's own words in this book, "obest plerumque iis qui discere volunt auctoritas eorum qui se docere profitentur; desinunt enim suum iudicium adhibere." The only place where we can suggest an additional illustration is cap 38, *init.*, where the use of *hippocentaurus* as "a stock word for a *non-ens*" might have been exemplified from the Digest as well as from philosophical literature. (Si ita stipulatus fuero: *te sisti; nisi steteris, hippocentaurum dari?* proinde erit atque te sisti solummodo stipulatus essem: Celsus in D. 45. i. *de verborum obligatione*, 97.)

Grave associations connect themselves with *The Churches of the Nene Valley* (2), for, though the title-page is dated 1880, the preface is signed 1877, and the name which appears at the end of it, and among the authors, is one to which the ordinary etiquette of authorship would have prefixed "the late." Among his many claims upon the gratitude of architectural students earned in the course of his laborious life by the scholarly and erudite Mr. Sharpe, of Lancaster, was the merit of conducting very popular and successful architectural tours, which he had the talent to make contributory alike to the education of his fellow-excursionists and the promotion of architectural science. Of one of these tours this volume is the result. The ecclesiastical notices of Northamptonshire are known to all lovers of our old churches, so we need hardly expatiate on the interest of this collection of measured drawings comprehending all the phases of our old architecture, from the Saxon of Barnack and Earl's Barton and the Norman of the churches of Northampton and the very graceful Early Pointed of St. Mary's, Stamford, and Raund, down to the more developed forms presented by the round St. Sepulchre's in the county town and the stately Perpendicular of Titchmarsh.

In spite of degradation, mutilation, and restoration so called, undertaken in days when men had hardly yet learned so much as how to decline the verb "to restore," and in spite of the Vandalic destruction within the memory of many still living parishioners of its solemn nave, and the substitution of a flimsy pile, beweped and begallied inside, and externally constructed according to the worst pattern of conventicular sham-Gothic, the Priory Church of St. Mary Overie (3), or, as it is now usually designated, St. Saviour's, Southwark, asserts its claims to be recognized as a first-class specimen of a church, which is only not first class itself because its dimensions fall a little short of those of our principal minsters. It has been a labour of love with Mr. Dollman to illustrate this church in all its aspects of beauty and of deformation. This book will, we are sure, be the standard work of reference upon its subject-matter; and we cannot offer to the writer a

better wish than that, whenever it is reconstructed to serve as a cathedral, the promoters of that good work may own that their labours have been made easy to them by the studies of Mr. Dollman.

We had recently occasion, while noticing Mr. J. W. Clark's work on Cambridge, to express our regret that its illustrations should have been all but exclusively devoted to that Cambridge in its modern aspect with which the visitors of the May term are so familiar. We have now to call attention to a collection of very picturesque illustrations, not indeed of the Cambridge which has passed away, but of that which in too many instances is the Cambridge of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which is ruinous, tottering, and ready to be swept away (4). The artist is Mr. Farren, who has by these engravings established his reputation as a spirited and successful etcher, while he has been fortunate enough to secure the assistance of Mr. J. W. Clark for the letterpress. The collection illustrates not only the town itself in its civic as contrasted with its academic aspect, but also the neighbourhood, conspicuous as that is for possessing several fine churches.

It is evidence alike of the solid value, both of Rickman's *Gothic Architecture* (5)—of which the first edition appeared in George IV.'s days, and in a due course of years passed under Mr. Parker's editing—and also of Mr. Parker's own manual of architecture (6)—not to refer to Mr. Parker's own evergreen vitality—that new editions of both books should have appeared this year under the same veteran superintendence. Rickman's book, in its successive forms, is of course in ever-diminishing degrees Rickman's genuine production. Still, we are glad that the name of the worthy Quaker mystagogue of the ecclesiastical architecture of the Middle Ages should not have been allowed wholly to fall out, even if it is regarded in the more practical than dignified aspect of a dignified and ancient trade-mark of an established manual.

Mr. A. Capes and Mr. J. M. Capes, in their *Old and New Churches of London* (7), have struck out the good idea of representing in one volume specimens both of ancient and modern London churches. But it is a pity that the execution is not more careful; the illustrations might have been kept up to a more uniform level, and the descriptions worded with the technical accuracy of modern ecclesiology.

Mr. Bridgett, in his *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain* (8), collects a good deal of curious information, from the Roman Catholic point of view, upon the branch of religious archaeology to which he has directed his studies. But the work is not characterized by any very critical treatment. Mr. Bridgett will probably reply that he wrote in the spirit of faith and not of criticism, to which our answer would be that, as both faith and criticism are attributes of truth, so they are quite compatible with, and indeed complementary of, each other.

The Christian Knowledge Society was well inspired in planning for England a series of diocesan histories. Counties have, under the revolutionary influence of civilization, much lost, and are daily more and more losing, their status of organized communities and sinking into geographical areas. But the dioceses of the land have not only still within their attributes the elements of distinctive life, but have actually since the Church revival, and the consequent resuscitation of cathedrals, and the creation of diocesan societies, boards of education, organized *œuvres*, specialist schools and colleges, and finally diocesan conferences, reasserted an individuality which the waste that unhappily marred the Reformation and the consequent sleepiness of subsequent generations had gone far to obliterate. The series begins, as it is right and proper that it should do, with Canterbury (9), and for the metropolitan see a writer in all ways fitted for his task in learning, tastes, and acuteness was found in Canon Jenkins of Lymington. Four hundred and twenty-two small pages is a very brief margin within which to write from Norman days (for Canon Jenkins is not content to begin with Gregory the Great's mission of Augustine), the history of the reciprocal action of the Christian system and of secular civilization upon the life, habits of thought, manners and institutions of the peninsula lying between the Thames and the Channel. It is therefore no little commendation to be able to say that the author has brought to his work accuracy, research, acuteness, as well as the advantage of an incisive and picturesque style. We must in passing express some surprise that Canon Jenkins, ranging as he does over so wide a field of ecclesiastical interests in and about Canterbury, and familiar as his pages show him to be with St. Augustine's Abbey and its mediæval fortunes, should have totally forgotten to notice the greatest event in the Church history of Canterbury for certainly this century—the restoration to religious uses of the ruins of the

(4) *Cambridge and its Neighbourhood*. Drawn and etched by R. Farren. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

(5) *An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England*. By the late Thomas Rickman, F.S.A. Seventh edition. With considerable Additions, chiefly Historical, by John Henry Parker, F.S.A. Oxford and London: Parker. 1881.

(6) *An Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture*. By John Henry Parker, C.B. Sixth Edition. Oxford and London: Parker. 1881.

(7) *The Old and New Churches of London*. By Alfred Capes and Mr. J. M. Capes. London: Bumpus. 1880.

(8) *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*. By T. E. Bridgett. 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

(9) *Diocesan Histories.—Canterbury*. By Robert G. Jenkins, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1891.

(2) *The Churches of the Nene Valley, Northamptonshire*. By Edmund Sharpe, M.A., and J. Johnson and J. H. Keesey, Architects. London: B. T. Batsford. 1880.

(3) *The Priory of St. Mary Overie, Southwark*. By Francis T. Dollman, Architect. London: To be had of the Author. 1881.

ancient house of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Augustine by their dedication in a condition of most careful and conservative repair as the missionary College of St. Augustine on St. Peter's Day, 1848.

Mr. Jones in his *Diocesan History of Salisbury* (10) does not dwell so much upon the social relations of Church and State as Canon Jenkins, but he gives in a short compass a carefully digested body of information of the condition of the see of Sarum at the various periods of its existence.

Captain Douglas Jones's volume (11) contains somewhat ampler detail than an earlier one on the same subject by Captain Boughey. It will probably be patronized by young officers desirous of taking a short cut through the "Army Discipline and Regulations Act." What is more needed perhaps is a work which shall give all the necessary information conveyed in the Act, disencumbered of the verbiage which obscures the intentions of such documents for those in whom the lawyer instinct is not acutely developed.

Mr. Sell's *Faith of Islam* (12) is a minute exposition of the tenets and doctrines of a religion which has an immense importance for Englishmen. Familiar as the name of Islam is, the creed of the followers of Mohammed is but very imperfectly understood by most Europeans, chiefly owing to the abstruse and difficult character of the Arabic works in which it is expounded. This ignorance is especially conspicuous amongst the very class to whom it is most fatal—namely, to missionaries in Moslem countries. In the work before us the practical and speculative sides of Mohammedanism are so fairly and clearly discussed, and every detail of observance and doctrine so plainly set forth, that a diligent study of it will place the reader quite *au courant* with the ideas of Moslem theologians.

Dr. Wells's *Turkish Grammar* (13) is a useful manual of acquiring the Ottoman tongue as spoken in Constantinople, and contains numerous exercises for translation from English into that language. It is an improvement on most of the preceding grammars, inasmuch as it is written on the same lines as the most approved manuals for the study of modern European languages. Apart from the increasing necessity for acquiring a knowledge of the language of a people whose affairs enter so largely into the politics and commerce of the present day, Turkish possesses an extensive and valuable literature well deserving of study. The dialogues at the end of the work are very idiomatic and well arranged.

Mr. Hodgson (14) has committed the mistake of explaining his title, which is striking and attractive. The first two essays suffered, it appears, the not unusual fate of rejection by magazines. Although we can find nothing in them to make us pass a very severe judgment on this conduct of the editors, we are of opinion that Mr. Hodgson's writings deserved a better fate. The larger and better part of the prose in the volume is devoted to De Quincey, of whom Mr. Hodgson is obviously a student and lover. His critical examination of that writer's works is readable, and does not perhaps lose in interest by being inspired by a too ardent admiration. We may dissent from such estimates of De Quincey as Mr. Leslie Stephen's without being able to agree that "no one touches and lays bare the inmost heart of a subject" as he does. Among the essays is one on English verse, which Mr. Hodgson begins with the unanswerable statement that "Critics of poetry are often much at sea with regard to the principles of the art, the productions of which they criticize," and he then contributes his effort to define what is not susceptible of definition. At the end of his volume he illustrates his theories as to verse by his own practice in a series of translations from the classics. We cannot give them the praise of being more than bold. He has followed many other translators and attacked the "Donec gratus," giving a rendering which is inferior to many previous failures; neither can we accept "So black a crime lies at religion's door" as even an approach to the famous line of Lucretius.

Mr. Lauder has made a collection, obviously meant for children, of every species of tale, supernatural or not, long or short, which can in any way be attached to the Hartz Mountains (15). Some are undoubtedly legends, and have the usual family resemblance to other legends; some are mere anecdotes, and not a few are apparently historical tales of the writer's own invention. It is well, no doubt, to have as much local colour as possible in such stories; but it ought not to be done by keeping foreign words in the English text. The child who reads the Legend of the Rosstrappe will be severely puzzled by being told that the King of Bohemia "took a three days' *Bedenkzeit*" to decide whether he should allow the fierce giant from the north to marry his lovely daughter or not. For the rest, the child is to be envied who learns to read from such a collection.

Mr. Egan has written a sentence in the "observation" that

stands as preface to his translation (16) which raises some doubt as to the style in which he has done his work. He says:—"I have left the translation nearly as I wrote it off, thinking that a certain smack of foreign idiom and construction lent a somewhat piquant flavour, which seemed likely to be lost when attempts were made to polish up too much." This looks at first as if he had dashed his work off, and trusted to bad English to represent Heine's German. On examination this turns out to be a quite unnecessary fear. Mr. Egan's English has an easy flow throughout. Here and there we meet a little slip—as, for instance, when "an old red-haired" woman in Frankfurt tells Heine "I live servant with Madame Wohl's mother"; but this may be the fault of the printer. The English readers who wish to get some idea of Heine's style and humour through some medium less likely to be false than a translation of his poetry may be recommended confidently to trust to Mr. Egan.

The *Annual Register* for 1880 (17) seems to us to be better edited and arranged than was last year's issue of this valuable record. Perhaps the space given to the fine arts may be thought somewhat scanty; but it is, no doubt, impossible to gratify every taste in a work of this kind.

Messrs. Ward and Lock's *Home Book* (18) seems worthy of its second title—"a Domestic Cyclopædia." The work is not only practical and useful, but is decidedly amusing as a book to dip into at odd minutes.

Messrs. Remington and Co. have published a translation of Mérimée's letters to Panizzi (19), carefully written by Mr. H. M. Dunstan, and edited by Mr. Fagan, who, it will be remembered, is the author of the *Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi*, which was not long ago reviewed in these columns.

Salt is doubtless as good a starting-point as another to take for a general assault on the "eccentric ideas" and "most unnatural and anti-healthy habits" of which this age is, in Mr. Boddy's opinion, "wonderfully productive" (20). However that may be, Mr. Boddy has taken it as his text for a sermon on these subjects, and written a book of nine chapters and an appendix to prove the truth of his motto, "Salt is good." We might be inclined to ask who abused it; but the writer has provided against that cavil by citing a temperance writer who has been characteristically guilty of the folly. When he has read Mr. Boddy's second chapter, showing that salt has been used and appreciated ever since the Indo-Germanic tribes entered Europe, he will perhaps have sufficient respect for evidence to change his opinion. Mr. Boddy's little book contains a good deal of interesting scientific information.

Mr. Geroldt is obviously one of the fatally numerous class who feel called upon, when accident has set them travelling over even the most beaten paths, to write their observations made in short glimpses of the surface of things in a style of feeble jocularity (21). Having gone round the world, he gives us an account of his journey, and threatens, if he is encouraged, to write again. It is to be feared that a very small amount of encouragement will be enough.

We have received a copy of Whitaker's excellent Almanac for 1881 (22), a work which is no longer in need of recommendation. Mr. G. Rose-Innes, junior, has published a handy pamphlet, bearing the title *Employers and Employed* (23), which gives the Employers' Liability Act of 1880 and the changes it has effected in the law.

A fourth edition has been issued of Mr. Braithwaite's useful manual (24) compiled for the use of Commissioners to administer oaths.

Messrs. Roberts and Wallace have produced a handbook (25) relating to the Liability of Employers, the laudable object of which—namely, "to weld its (the Act of 1880's) provisions into the prior law, and to give without unnecessary technicalities an intelligible sketch of the result"—has been well accomplished.

We have also to mention Mr. Macaskie's *Treatise on the Law of Executors and Administrators* (26) and Mr. Wilberforce's *Statute*

(16) *Ludwig Börne: Recollections of a Revolutionist*. By Heinrich Heine. Abridged and translated by T. C. Egan. London: Newman & Co. 1881.

(17) *The Annual Register for the year 1880*. London: Rivingtons.

(18) *Ward and Lock's Home Book: a Domestic Cyclopædia*. Forming a Companion Volume to Mrs. Beeton's "Book of Household Management." London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(19) *Letters of Prosper Mérimée to Panizzi*. Edited by Louis Fagan. 2 vols. London: Remington.

(20) *The History of Salt*. By Evan Marlett Boddy, F.R.C.S., F.S.S. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox. 1881.

(21) *Nine Colonies*. By Fritz Geroldt. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

(22) *An Almanac for 1881*. By Joseph Whitaker, F.S.A. London: Whitaker.

(23) *Employers and Employed: the Employers Liability Act, 1880*. By G. Rose-Innes, Junior. London: Effingham Wilson. 1881.

(24) *Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature*. By Thomas W. Braithwaite. Fourth Edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

(25) *A Summary of the Law on the Liability of Employers for Personal Injuries sustained by their Workmen*. By W. H. Roberts and G. H. Wallace. London: Reeves & Turner.

(26) *A Treatise on the Law of Executors and Administrators and of the Administration of the Estates of Deceased Persons*. By Stuart Cunningham Macaskie. London: Stevens & Sons.

(10) *Diocesan Histories—Salisbury*. By William Henry Jones, M.A., F.S.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1880.

(11) *Notes on Military Law*. By Captain Douglas Jones. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited).

(12) *The Faith of Islam*. By the Rev. E. Sell. Madras: Addison & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(13) *A Practical Grammar of the Turkish Language*. By Dr. Charles Wells. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1880.

(14) *Outcast Essays and Verse Translations*. By Shadworth H. Hodgson, Hon. LL.D., Edin. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1881.

(15) *Legends and Tales of the Hartz Mountains*. By Toefie Lauder. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Law (27), to neither of which it is possible even to attempt to do justice in a short notice.

Mr. Muir Mackenzie's handbook on Bills of Lading (28) supplies a distinct want, inasmuch as hitherto the subject had never been treated separately by any legal writer.

(27) *Statute Law*. By Edward Wilberforce. London: Stevens & Sons.

(28) *Bills of Lading*. A Handbook. By M. Muir Mackenzie. With an Appendix of Statutes and Forms.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Copies of the Scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners, and all other necessary information, may be obtained from the Clerks to the Governing Body of the Grammar School, to whom applications (with Testimonials) must be forwarded before July 9, 1881.

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